

Mexican Life

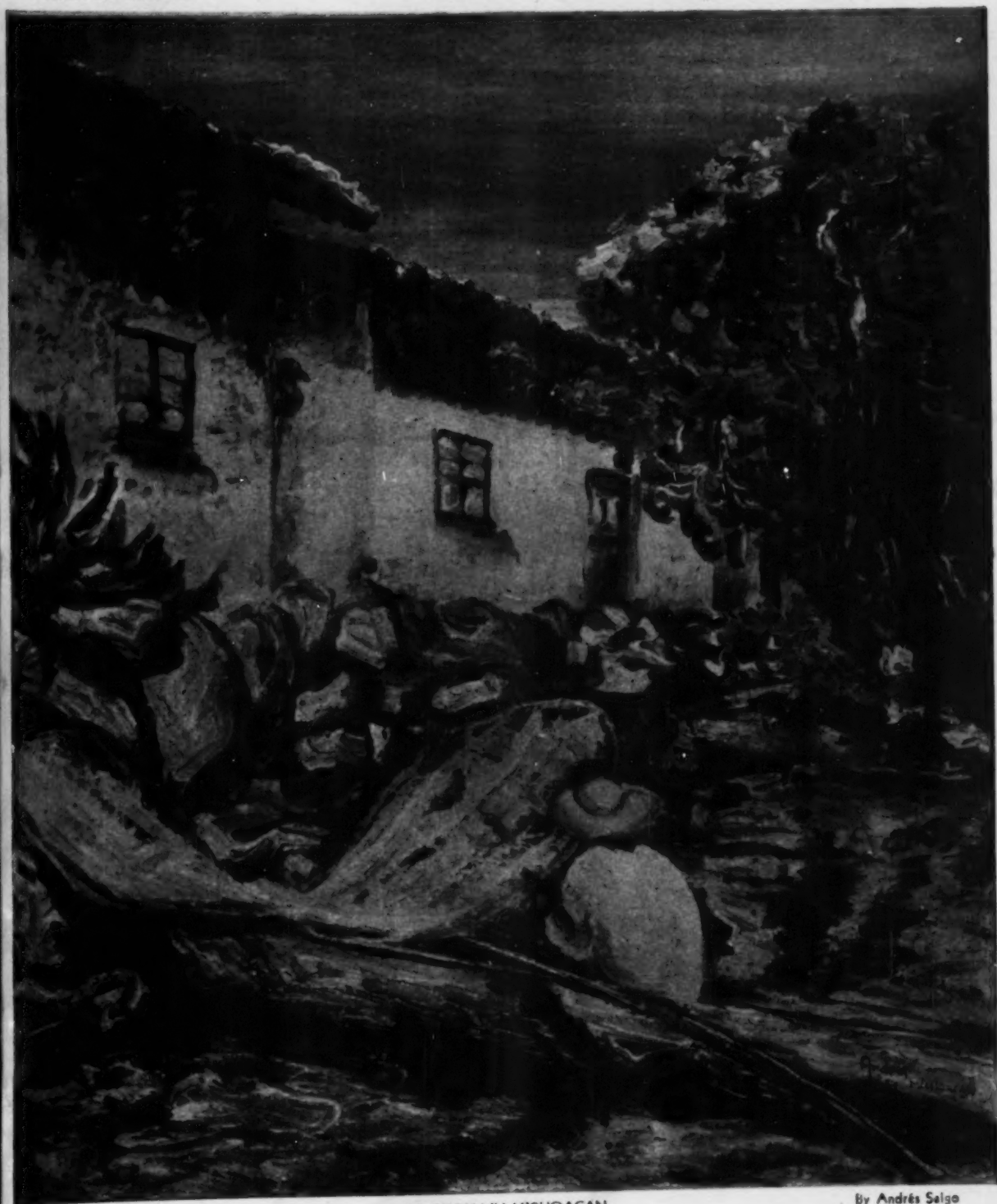
Mexico's Monthly Review

FOUNDED IN 1924

1 Peso 50 Centavos

MARCH, 1952

No. 3, Vol. XXVIII



Oil.

FISHERMAN IN MICHOACAN

By Andrés Selgo



JEWELS
of
Quality



Kimberley S. A.

CORNER MADERO & BOLIVAR, MEXICO, D. F.



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

JOSE MEDRANO VALDIVIA

Engineer

RODOLFO MARTINEZ SOTO

Engineer

RAÚL GOMEZ TREMARI

Architect

Av. Juarez No. 20, Offices 16-18, Tel. 10-19-75

Who planned and executed the construction work on
the new and modern

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

Extend their Cordial Felicitations and Sincere Best Wishes
to Sr. Jose Brockman, its Managing Director, and his asso-
ciates on the day of its opening.

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

CONTENTS

MARCH, 1952

Number 4, Volume XVIII

| | Page |
|--|------|
| BENITO JUAREZ. Editorial | 11 |
| SCHOOLTEACHERS. Article. By Sylvia Martin | 12 |
| STUDENTS. Oil. By Doris Rosenthal | 12 |
| PUERTO VALLARTA. Article. By Zoe Kernick | 13 |
| PATTERNS OF AN OLD CITY. By Howard S. Phillips | 16 |
| PHOTOGRAPH. By Jose A. Rodriguez | 17 |
| THE RUBBER PEOPLE. Article. By Trent Elwood Sanford | 17 |
| DRIFTWOOD. Oil. By Andrés Salgo | 18 |
| SUMMER IN AJIJIC. Article. By Dane Chandon | 19 |
| VILLAGE STREET. Oil. By Andrés Salgo | 19 |
| CITY OF THE ANGELS. Article. By Hudson Strode | 21 |
| WATER COLOR. By George F. Newton | 21 |
| THE NEW FREIGHT TERMINAL OF THE VALLEY OF MEXICO. Article. By Stewart Morton | 23 |
| MEXICAN PROVERBS. Article. By Joseph Raymond | 27 |
| WAX SCULPTURE. By Luis Hida'go | 27 |
| THE SUSTAINED VITALITY OF MEXICAN ART. Article. By Guillermo Rivas | 30 |
| UN POCO DE TODO | 33 |
| LITERARY APPRAISALS | 34 |
| CURRENT ATTRACTIONS. By Vane C. Dalton | 39 |
| ART AND PERSONAL NOTES | 42 |

Announcing the

the OPENING of the NEW

Hotel Imperial Colón

*Symbol of
Mexico's Hospitality*

Be among the first to enjoy the comforts of the new Hotel Imperial Colon, an acme of gracious living, located in a glamorous setting overlooking the Capital's historic Paseo de la Reforma.

A hotel of unique distinction, the Imperial Colon provides beautifully appointed outside rooms or suites with bath, elegant Main Dining Room featuring a select Continental Cuisine, a charming Cocktail Lounge, Coffee Shop, Travel Bureau, Beauty Shop, and every other modern convenience, at rates that are far lower than you would expect in a hostelry of such high standard.



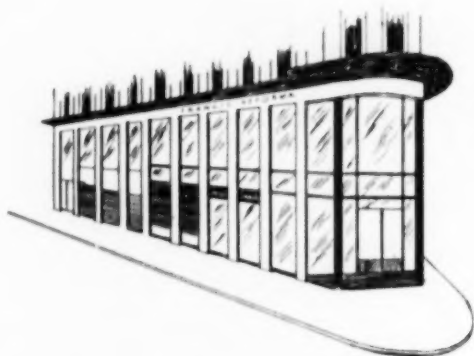
*Management and staff trained in the fine art of
hospitality, guest comfort and personalized service.*

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

At the corner of
PASEO DE LA REFORMA and AVENIDA MORELOS
OPPOSITE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY
Mexico City

JOSE BROCKMAN, *Managing Director*

JOSE SILVA, *Resident Manager*



MUEBLES EXCLUSIVOS

FRANCIS.
REFORMA

FELICITA AL

HOTEL *Imperial Colón*

CON MOTIVO DE SU PROXIMA INAUGURACION

OUR SINCERE CONGRATULATIONS

and Very Best Wishes to the

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

on the day of its inauguration.

Lámparas de México,

S. de R. L.

SPECIALISTS IN HOTEL EQUIPMENT

GOMEZ FARIAS 41 - A

Tel. 16 - 60 - 62

Mexico, D. F.

ARGENTELECTRIC, S. A.

Juan Jose Ruiz, Jr., Administrator. Juan Becerril, Manager.

Calle Francisco Novoa 41
Colonia Aragon



Tel. 17-04-32
Mexico, D. F.

**MANUFACTURERS OF LIGHTING FIXTURES,
ASHTRAYS, LAMPS and STERLING PRODUCTS.**

Take pleasure in extending
Warm Congratulations to the

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

with all best wishes for its
success and prosperity

FELICITAMOS CORDIALMENTE

a la Empresa del Nuevo y
Moderno Hotel

Imperial Colon

con motivo de su inauguración y
le deseamos todo género de pros-
peridades y un completo éxito

Nos sentimos sinceramente orgu-
llosos en habérnoslo confiado la
instalación de las

CALDERAS Y EQUIPOS
PARA ABASTECIMIENTO
DE AGUA CALIENTE
en este Magnífico Hotel.

**EQUIPOS INSTALADOS,
S. A.**

Dolores No. 16 - 601, 602

Tel. 36 - 55 - 81

México, D. F.



TAPIMEX, S. A.
 VENUSTIANO CARRANZA 27
 Tels.: 21 - 22 - 38. 36 - 57 - 31
 MEXICO, D. F.

RUGS CARPETS CURTAINS DECORATION

We extend our Warm Congratulations to the

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

*on the day of its inauguration, taking pride in having
 equipped it with Curtains and Bed-Spreads.*

We will be happy to serve you. English spoken.



**OUR CORDIAL FELICITATIONS
 to the
 HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON**

Its guests—as all Mexico—are
 assured of comfort, sleeping on

**"AMERICA"
 MATTRESSES**



SUAREZ OROZCO y Cia. Suc. S. A.

*We extend our Sincere Congratulations to the
 Owners and Management of the beautiful new*

Hotel Imperial Colon

On its opening day, taking
 pleasure in the important
 share we were privileged to
 contribute to its elegant
 and modern appointments.

MANUEL CASTRO C.
 Creator of Quality Furniture
 Modern or Period Reproductions.

If you are looking for the
 finest in workmanship at
 the lowest price, we can
 please you.

JUAN A. MATEOS
 No. 21
 Colonia Obrera
 Tel. 36-74-32
 Mexico, D. F.



ALBERTO CALDERON

MAKER OF FINE FURNITURE

Takes pleasure in extending the
Owners and Management of

the HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

his Hearty Congratulations on the day
of its opening, in sincere satisfaction at
having contributed to its comfort and
modernity.

We are prepared to take care of your
needs. We are experts in Hand-Carved
Period or Modern Furniture. Our shops
are manned by specialized craftsmen,
and our prices are very reasonable.



LUCAS ALAMAN 81
and LONGINOS CADENA 6
(Colonia Obrera)

Telephone:
13-29-37

PEDRO OSANTE y OSANTE

Electro-Mechanical Engineer

Extends Heartiest Congratulations

to the magnificent new

Hotel Imperial Colon

on its opening day, in his
grateful acknowledgment
of having executed the

ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION

throughout its premises.

Dolores No. 3, Office 905-A

Tel. 36-84-35

Mexico, D. F.

SALVADOR HUICI

takes pride in having contributed
to the magnificence of the new

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

in having furnished its
carpeting throughout.

SALVADOR HUICI PRIM 13
IMPORTATIONS - REPRESENTATIONS Tel.: 18-41 06
35-92 17

TALLERES LUCENTUM, S. de R. L.

FINE
CARPENTRY



CABINET
WORK

PROL. I. LA CATOLICA No. 922
Colonia Postal
Tel. 19-33-63 Mexico, D. F.

We offer our Congratulations
and Best Wishes to the

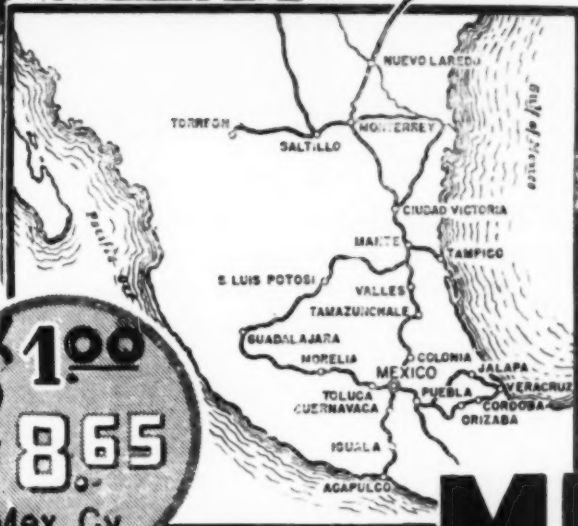
HOTEL IMPERIAL COLON

on the occasion of its opening,
and are pleased to announce
that the handsome and modern

CLOSETS and DOORS

of this splendid hostelry were
built in our shops.

Our select and extensive clientele
is our best recommendation.



PAVED highways... Gasoline of high octane... Lubricating oils for modern motors.

Moreover... a person coming by automobile is the only independent traveler. He is the master of his car and time; he can drive slow or fast, or linger along the way.

The automobile enables the visitor to penetrate into the most out-of-the-way places of great attraction.

MEXICO

FOR A DIFFERENT TRIP

A beautiful trip at surprisingly low cost. Money exchange makes the magic conversion: 8.65 pesos for just one dollar.

Mexico offers: Archaeological monuments. Colonial relics. Modern buildings—the utmost in recreation and comfort—a matchless climate, and a landscape unlike any other you have ever known.

PETROLEOS MEXICANOS
Mexican Petroleum Administration

PEMEX TRAVEL CLUB

Av. Juarez No. 89,
Mexico City, Mexico.

Please send me your complimentary motor travel material on Mexico, as well as free Club membership.

Mexico

*your vacation
paradise this year!*



YES... Mexico is the vacationist's paradise... the place for you to relax and enjoy life! With its 365 days of sunshine, swimming, water skiing, fishing, luxuriously appointed hotels, delicious cuisines, splendid nightclubs, racetrack thrills, fronton, bull fights, popular fiestas, marvelous landscapes, outdoor sports and attractions of every kind, Mexico offers you more than any other country.

You will find your vacation in Mexico will cost less and, what's more, you are never too far from home.





Come to Mexico, by train, by plane or in your own car. Plan *now* to visit Mexico . . . for the gayest, most stimulating, most glorious vacation ever!

For further information, write to

DIRECCION GENERAL DE TURISMO

Avenida Juarez 89

Mexico City, Mexico

Cable adres: DI-GE-TUR



VISITORS IN MEXICO:

Carry back with you the most memorable
souvenir of your Mexican Visit

Subscribe to
Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

Now in its 28th year of publication.

A subscription to this unique magazine-the oldest and finest of its
kind in all Latin America-will renew your Mexican impressions each month
as well as contribute a great deal toward your knowledge of this country.

Use the coupon below and multiply your enjoyment of Mexico,

Rates: in U. S. A. or Canada - Two Dollars 50 cents for one year, in
Mexico 12.00 Pesos. In England and on the Continent, Five Dollars.

Mexican Life

Uruguay 3

Mexico City

Mexico

Please send me "MEXICAN LIFE" for one year, starting with the
..... issue. I enclose \$..... (check or money order).

Name

Street

City State

Please send to the following names "MEXICAN LIFE" for one year, starting with
the issue.

I enclose \$..... (check or money order).

Name Address

Name Address

Name Address

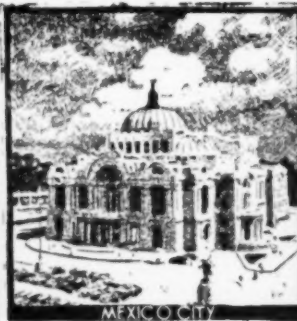
Name Address



LAKE PATZCUARO



YUCATAN



MEXICO CITY



MONTERREY

Mexican Life

Uruguay No. 3 Mexico City

Telephone: 19-59-78

Published on the first day of every month

Registrado como Artículo de 2a Clase el 22 de Octubre de 1927

Number 3 Volume XXVIII

March 1st, 1952

HOWARD S. PHILLIPS
EDITOR

Benito Juárez

THIS YEAR Mexico is officially adding a red-letter day to its calendar in designating the 21st of March as a national holiday. That date will commemorate the birth of Benito Juárez a hundred and forty-six years ago.

It is possible that Mexico, already plethoric with festive dates, can hardly afford to add one more to its calendar, and it is also possible that its economic progress might be enhanced through the deletion of some of these dates. But it is hardly possible to deny that the birth of Benito Juárez merits a national holiday, for it is to him, more than to any other man in its history, that it owes its origin as a nation.

A brief summary of historical facts defines the decisive role Benito Juárez played in the destiny of his country. Like Abraham Lincoln, who preserved the unity of the United States at the tremendous price of the Civil War, Benito Juárez led his country through a crisis that threatened to destroy it, and at an equally tremendous price brought about such national unity.

For it must be remembered that Mexico did not emerge as a nation after it achieved its independence from Spain. With its heterogeneous, socially and racially cleaved population, Mexico was not prepared for self-rule or a republican form of government. The ideals of Hidalgo and Morelos were swept away in factional dissent, in destructive civil strife which engendered foreign interventions and reduced the country's territory to less than half its original size. Mexico lacked a national consciousness, a definite goal.

Mexico freed itself of the Spanish yoke, but its feudal order was perpetuated in the rule of the creole minority. This minority, determined to retain the privileged position over the majority of Indians and mestizos which was formerly held by the Spaniards, led by the self-proclaimed Emperor Iturbide, seized power. Thus the struggle for popular liberation went on.

Iturbide was overthrown and put to death, and a republican Constitution, based on a combination of French and American models, was adopted by a representative body. But Mexico was yet unprepared for popular rule. General Antonio López de Santa Anna took exclusive charge of the Constitution for thirty years, and either as President or through the instrument of others whom he picked for this post, preserved the creoles in power. The struggle against this Colonial heritage continued through the disastrous years of Santa Anna's rule. And it was during these years that a Zapotec Indian emerged on the turbulent scene to take up the task which was begun by Hidalgo and Morelos.

His name was Benito Juárez, and it is perhaps the greatest name in Mexican history. He was born in 1806 in the mountains of Oaxaca, in a poor little hamlet known as San Pablo. Not a drop of Spanish blood flowed in his veins. Until he was twelve years of age he spoke only the Indian dialect in use in his native

village, and could neither read nor write. He came to the city of Oaxaca as a household servant, and was given an education by a philanthropic creole that would fit him for priesthood. But while at the institute Juárez took up the study of law, and upon graduating opened a law office, and married the daughter of his first employer. Silent and reserved, Juárez soon earned a reputation for administrative honesty and efficiency and for the democratic simplicity of his manners. His rise was rapid both in his profession and in the politics of his country. Embracing the liberal cause, he experienced all the vicissitudes of the political era, including arrest, imprisonment, sentence to death, escape, exile, amnesty; and he held the offices of legislator, judge, senator, governor, and cabinet-minister, before he became by popular election in 1857 President of the Supreme Court of Justice in the government of Comonfort, and in the line of the succession to the Presidency in case of a vacancy.

Juárez filled the vacancy in 1857, and as President of a Republic governed by a new and liberal Constitution enacted during the same year, centered his efforts on its peaceful enforcement. But the creole class was unwilling to peacefully surrender its power, and Mexico became the scene of a social revolution which is known in Mexican history as the Reform. Its primary purpose, like that of the French Revolution, was the destruction of feudalism and the creation of a constitutional government.

Beginning as an attempt to achieve moderate changes by peaceful and orderly means, the Reform, meeting the determined opposition of the reactionaries, gradually assumed the character of a civil war and culminated in a foreign invasion. Following a military occupation by a French army, the Austrian Archduke Maximilian assumed the throne as Emperor of Mexico. Defeated, abandoned by many of his followers, Juárez did not give up the struggle. During the four years that Maximilian blunderingly sought to establish his rule, Juárez, confronted by every adversity, continued to fight for Mexico's liberation, until the victory was won. He was a man of iron will and a single purpose.

And though he failed to fully realize his aspirations, and suffered the grief of new betrayals before his sudden death on July 19th of 1872, the Reform achieved through his indomitable will marked a decisive turning-point in the history of Mexico. It served as the initial step in the process of social and economic liberation of the Indian masses which provides the basis of Mexico's liberal political creed to this day. After Reform, Mexico ceased to be in danger of disintegration or of foreign absorption. Mexico began to become a nation.

And this is what Mexico actually celebrates in commemorating the birthday of Benito Juárez.

Schoolteachers

By Sylvia Martin

OUR guests are leaving," said Profesora Sevilla. Twenty-five small boys and girls rose as one polite obedient body. At a nod from their teacher they resumed their seats—all save one. A mite of a boy toddled down the aisle. He stood alone in the front of the class, staring at us with round eyes, never moving, not even blinking. Sam hurriedly adjusted his camera. And in that moment Señora Sevilla, looking down upon the baby, gave him a smile that was like a blessing.

We met her again while we were talking to her husband, Bernardo Sevilla, the principal. "You must pardon the child," she said. Things are so new to him. But then," she reflected, "it is so with all of us here in Tepoztlán."

As if she had opened an album, I remembered... "There are places in Mexico," said the old-timer, "where funny things are going on, things no white man can ever see. Take Tepoztlán."

He lit his pipe with deliberation that prefaces a good yarn.

"The only big building in Tepoztlán is a Spanish church. The Tepoztecos pay the priest all right, but they do their real worshipping up on the cliff before the pyramid. On certain nights they have dances and secret ceremonies. They worship an Indian god of pulque and fertility. The Spaniards threw their idol down from the cliff. 'If it breaks,' they told the Indians, 'you'll know that our god is better than yours.' Thought they were smart. But the idol didn't break. They had to smash it with hammers."

He sucked at his pipe and damned it for not drawing. "Tell you what," he said (as I knew he would).

"Some day we'll hire a couple of horses and ride over to Tepoztlán. You can't go alone. It isn't safe."

He never took me (I knew he wouldn't), and I did go alone—on a bus. That was many years later, however, after the road had been built and Tepoztlán had lost a little of the legendary awe which is the tribute we pay to the unknown.

Under a sheer wall of cliffs lay a town that seemed to belong to the twilight of earth. The patina of great age was on it, but not gracefully. It hung in leprous patches on adobe walls. It has scarred the pink facade of the baroque church and the bare chambers of the monastery, pervaded with the musky odor of the resident bats. Along the dirt streets, pools of cold dank air lay around barred windows and half-opened doorways.

Scrambling after a local guide I climbed the cliff by a giant perpendicular stairway more natural than man-made. Ferns and creepers obscured it. Cascades sprang from hidden clefts beside my ear. If the ghosts of priests and worshipers climbed with me, I was far too occupied to be aware of them. The temple pyramid on the top was no more than a broken pile of stone, but one felt godlike here, near the sky, looking down on the toylike roofs and fields of a community which had lived, until yesterday, to itself.

I went often after that, in busses crowded with Tepoztecos and the people of the seven satellite villages. The road had opened not merely one isolated town but a region.

Before the Spaniards found their way to it, Tepoztlán was the capital of a communal Indian unit. Since it was difficult of access, and not important enough for permanent Spanish settlement, it remained, after their brief invasion, much as it had been.

Town and villages formed a self-sufficient whole, wanting nothing from outside, the old ways modified only by a medieval church. It was far enough out of the world to warrant a scholarly study by the anthropologist Robert Redfield. His tome stimulated writer Stuart Chase to contrast Tepoztlán's primitive integrity with the bleakness and insecurity of an American Middletown. Thus the Tepoztecos—they would be surprised to learn this—were a fabled Shangri-la people to North Americans before Mexico blasted a road through the rocky approach to their home.

And now the people who had traded among themselves were carrying their produce to the big city and bringing back finished goods they had once made or done without. Spanish words and phrases were creeping into their Nahuatl dialect. Tourists were invading their capital. A Mexican banker built a gaudy summer palace on a nearby hill. A company came from Hollywood to shoot scenes for a movie, using the bewildered Tepoztecos for extras.

When Stuart Chase romanticized Tepoztlán in 1932, he noted that about one hundred children out of a possible 1200 attend the two adobe hovels that served for schoolhouses, and only for a few months out of the year. There was small place for formal education in the life of the Tepozteco. He spoke Nahuatl, the schools Spanish. With his private field and communal lands, with his church and his Indian temple, he was self-sufficient not only economically but culturally as well. School belonged to the alien world beyond the cliffs.

Continued on page 52



Oil.

By Doris Rosenthal.



FISHING BOATS.

Puerto Vallarta

By Zoe Kernick

PUERTO Vallarta is in the news. The little village on the Jalisco coast suddenly finds itself in the headlines, with the fine hand of a gone agent discerned in publicity descriptions of luxury hotels and a fabulous coastline resembling the Mediterranean.

One leaves Guadalajara early and the plane rises over the flat plains of Jalisco. Guadalajara looks as it should, ancient and domed. A place of old churches and lost gardens in the sun. A place of horizontal line broken by the half-curve of many hundreds of domes: the exact pitch of antiquity. Then, one is in the mountains, flying low under the clouds. The big silver wings graze the mountain walls. Soon, one is flying over a lovely village, a blue and yellow dome, a shining river. The plane lands on a narrow strip of field; Mascota. A sudden sound of hoofbeats and a crowd of horsemen gallop up to stare at the plane. Wild, valiant fellows, strangely hatless (if one is used to the Zapata sombreros of the south) and riding small sturdy horses. They stare a few minutes, then, as though they had received a signal, dash wildly away.

The loading of the plane goes on. Indians and babies are packed in the aisles. Piles of stacked leather. A crated cow is tossed in the rear. "Don't let her flop overboard," the pilot shouts and the plane is off, stumbling into the upper reaches of the air like a wounded bird. In nine minutes: Talpa. Again, a shining river and in it a green floating shape, the emerald church dome. Another half hour, and the plane is over

Vallarta. There are a thousand coconut palms below, and ahead, the sea.

The village shines by its sea like a golden city. It is clean. It is wide. A saddleless horseman in a pale blue cotton shirt canters on the cobbles, outlined against the water, a John Milington Synge effect. The village is as abrupt and cleanly defined as a frame. Mountain and sea enclose it on two sides. It begins on the north with cobbled streets and ends definitely on the south, cut by a great green river. It has a light fringing of thatched huts at either end. The streets are wide and clean and cobbled and look as though they were swept every hour, though there is a sad absence of trees and the green shade they might provide against a tropic sun. Small, precisely proportioned horses wander riderless to the sea. The houses have a flat-roofed horizontal look. Most of the houses are freshly painted. A pale pink, a chalky Mexican blue, two porches in off white, then a startling lime green. More color, a turquoise, then an ancient grey piped in deep green. There are false cornices in white painted on wine. Great storehouses, neatly stacked in their dim interiors with bundles of leather and immaculate tobacco stand in dignity along the waterfront. The two lighthouses are striking abstractions in wide bands of white and black. A bus with uncovered benches rumbles by to an outlying village. The zocalo possesses a curlicue bandstand, benches of iron and marble, and red and white roses planted in the center of the square. The cathedral has a dome of yellow tile; the cathedral itself is enormous, bare of

benches; and beautiful to turn from the altar rail and see the blue water moving up through the arches. At the river, long haired women, their bright dresses rolled up, squat on stones scrubbing clothes. Men bathe in a green lagoon, and the fishermen cast finely woven nets. It is curious to look back from the river and the tropic waters and see the little town with its iron balconies, whitewashed brick buildings and the great yellow tower of the church, all surrounded and framed by a green river, by thatched palm huts, coconut palms, and the blue ocean.

One walks on the beach in the evening, to watch the fishing boats come in. They are canoe fashioned, each with a sampan sail of white manta. They come drifting in like the silhouettes of moths. One holds a mass of small scaly fish; it seems that one could scoop them up and dribble them through one's fingers like cascades of silver coins. Another holds huge fish of translucent pink, gasping under their covering of criss-crossed palm leaves. One watches the evening sun lighten the church tower to golden tiles and cast a golden light over the village. Then the electric lanterns go on, feeble and balloonlike in yellow light, and along the old sea wall there is a smell of salt air mingled with the night pink odor of roses blown from the zocalo.

When one first comes into the village, climbing out of the plane in the early morning, there is a freshness and shining pastiness about it that has the quality of the Irish renaissance. The streets and the houses and the people are clean and washed. Even the groups of thatched huts, which circle either end of the village, have a fresh early morning quality. Of course, after a few days the enchantment disappears; the riders to the sea, created in the twilight cycles of one's own imagination trot away and one is left with the village as it is, clean, quiet, a port of fishermen and tradesmen.

The Hotels.

In spite of the publicity pamphlets, the hotels can hardly be called luxurious. There are now four in town, with a new one going up across from the malecón, and several Casas de Asistencia. The Hotel Central and the Chula Vista are the most expensive, due to the fact that they are in the center of town, and staffed with regular beds, springs and mattresses, along with a great deal of other Grand Rapids furniture. The most popular is the Hotel Rosita, on the beach, with a large open verandah where hammocks are swung and where one takes good Mexican meals provided by Doña Cuca. The host of the hotel, Don Salvador Gonzalez, wanders happily about, watering his plants, playing with his two little girls, building new rooms, and most content with the sudden flourishing popularity of his establishment. The most pleasing thing I found about the Rosita was the use of the canvas cot which is the only sensible thing to sleep on in the tropics. Little boys, finding the place always crowded with visitors, come in droves with their arms full of animals to sell. They come with parakeets, water dogs, tejones, deer, onzas, and one even brought a snake, thinking that Americans will buy anything. I purchased a little onza who, the villagers inform me, will someday eat me alive. There is a shudder of horror as she trots after me down the street and a cry arises: the onza is coming. I was rather surprised the other day, after hearing so often the question "what is it," always answered by the invariable, "It's an onza," to hear one little boy ask, "What is it," and another little boy reply, "It's a gringa!"

Transportation.

One often wonders how this substantial little village manages to survive with its almost complete lack of communication. During the winter months, the road from Tepic is flooded, and there is no possible communication by truck or bus. Around sometime in January, the road is cleared and for several months there is a stream of trucks and busses going to and from Vallarta and Tepic. There is great talk of a road that has been started from Guadalajara but whether the governor will really push the millions of pesos that are needed is a much discussable question. Every once in a while, more or less on schedule, a freighter comes in from Mazatlan, or there is a freighter up from Manzanillo on its way to ports in Lower California. These boats often carry a few passengers; on the day they enter the port all canoes and all fishermen go to work loading and unloading cargo. The harbour is very deep so that it is possible for large boats to anchor quite close to shore, and it is often fun to swim out to them and be greeted by the Captain and offered a large cup of hot coffee. However, the Captain usually insists that his visitor be rowed back, and I was certainly relieved to find myself in a canoe when I noticed a huge black shark fin following me in from the freighter I had been visiting. Often, during the week one sees trim white yachts bobbing off the beach of Lost Muertos or anchored off the Rosita.

An old mule trail leads from Vallarta over the hills and valleys to the villages of Talpa, Mascota, and thence to Guadalajara, and I have thought it might be fun to take a horse over these trails and ride happily into Guadalajara without having to bother with the plane.

The plane, a DC3 run by the airplane company of Aeros Transportes, is constantly in need of repair and not too accurate about its schedule. It is supposed to make a daily run out here, leaving at 7:00 AM three mornings a week and at 11:30 AM on other mornings. When it does not appear, which is frequently, the merchants sometimes get together and hire a special plane so that they may send and receive their wares from Guadalajara. I remember leaving Chapala at 5:30 by taxi so that I would make the air port in plenty of time, and when 7:00 AM had rolled around being informed that the plane had decided to go to Zacatecas that day. When some friends of mine, after having waited two days for the bad weather to clear up, were finally flown away, the pilot had to turn back because he had no radio to guide him through the bad clouds that had appeared over Talpa. Then, the plane had to be repaired in Vallarta, taken to Tepic the next morning for gasoline, repaired there again, and finally took off that afternoon for Guadalajara but had to stay overnight in Mascota where it had broken down again. Several weeks ago, a friend of mine returning to Guadalajara saw everyone in the plane embracing and kissing each other farewell. Arriving over the Guadalajara airport, he saw ambulances lined up and a great crowd waiting for the plane to come in. A tire had blown out on the take off from Talpa and everyone expected a crash himself as the plane motors begin humming.

Ixtapa.

The village of Vallarta stands in the middle of a great semicircle of bay, with Punta de Mita at its northern tip, and Chimo at the south. Up from the Hotel Rosita, to the north, the land stretches flat, green, and watered by innumerable rivers. A beautiful road, arched with palm leaves and greenly cool



VIEW TOWARD PLAYA DE LOS MUERTOS.

Photo.

with small rivers filled with lavender hyacinths leads to the village of Ixtapa, and farther on, the village of Las Palmas. I drove out one morning, with Engineer Abel Villa, to see the government school he had built. His program of work sounded enormous as he told me that for over a year he had risen at 5:00, gone out to Ixtapa to supervise the school, then on the Las Palmas to supervise another government school, then back in the late afternoon to Vallarta where he was in charge of the beautiful modern school that he has built here!

Ixtapa is a tiny village of thatched huts, pigs, ragged children and fields of corn. In the midst of all this, the school stands like a huge shining palace, modern and clean-lined in form, color and concept. There is a library and hospital, large airy schoolrooms, numerous showers and restrooms, an outside stage in the courtyard for dramatics and rooms in back for the teachers, with private kitchen and bath for each.

Ixtapa is also the headquarters of the banana plantation, run by Mr. McClelland. Having been invited out there to lunch, I decided to go on horseback, and had a wonderful ride, leaving the Rosita at five o'clock in the morning.

When the United Fruit Company was dispossessed during the revolution, Mr. McClelland bought a few hundred hectares of the land and now runs it for himself. He says he keeps no books and runs the estate

from his hammock. He and his wife live in one of the cottages of the old Fruit Company. It is an agreeable place, cool and sweet inside with the smell of ginger flowers.

The Beaches.

By far the most exciting part of Vallarta is the coastline which runs south from Vallarta and curves in a great half circle up to its tip at Chimo. This coastline is scalloped with the most beautiful beaches imaginable, white sanded, and smooth watered for swimming. The hills behind the beaches are green the year round, are thick with jungles of tree and vine, and grove after grove of palm tree. It is at once luxurious and harsh, so that it gives more the feeling of an African coastline, than the aspect of a soft south sea land. It is possible, on Sundays, to take the little motor canoe of Seno Manuel Palacios, up to Chimo, though I have never done so. I did get up at 3:00 AM one morning and, with a friend, took the launch up to Yelapa, a little village about three hours away. As we chugged in across the bay, we saw a village which is not real but must have been painted by Gauguin. Thatched huts cluster the shore with red hibiscus blossoming against their walls. A river runs through the huts into the sea.

Continued on page 60



VIEW OF TOWN
FROM HILL TO SEA.

Patterns of an Old City

HALF OF THE JOB

By Howard S. Phillips

ALTHOUGH Carson had an innate aversion for multitudes and slight avidity for strenuous pastimes, he went to see the bullfight simply because a journey to Mexico would be hardly complete without it. He was not, moreover, entirely a novice at this robust spectacle, for among other things he had read Hemingway's learned treatise on the ritual, and though his memory of it was rather hazy, had actually seen a corrida twenty and some odd years before.

Thus, as he sat in a barrera row on the shady side of the ring, disturbingly conscious of the thunder-throated crowd densely rising around him in the towering circle of tiers, vaguely sensing the subtle presence diffused like a miasma over the tumult of the ultimate tragedy implicit in the feast—the presence of final death—the scene unwinding before his eyes gradually lost its strangeness. The tragic merriment, the intricate pageantry of silk and spangle and flowing blood, of whirling motion and fleeting stark suspense—the whole sadistic-masochistic complex of it—aroused no novel interrogations. He felt as if he had seen the spectacle and had experienced its sensations many times before, and presently a growing weariness settled over his body and mind. After the third bull he was thoroughly bored by the reiterated sequence, and had it not been for his reluctance to seem conspicuous would have abandoned his seat.

He was aware of these immediate reactions, and yet he was not aware of the other, the more obscure yet stronger reason why he stayed on. He only sensed dimly, beneath the burden of malaise, an abstruse compulsion—the same incomprehensible compulsion which had brought him to Mexico, which had guided his fumbling steps for many days—the need to overcome a negative resistance, to surpass an inner barrier in order to grasp some new and vital substance which he lacked, to rediscover something, to find a new significance in things, to retrieve something that was lost inside himself.

His eyes still followed the action in the arena, but his mind, totally detached, turned inward. In self-immersion he escaped from his disturbing surroundings, hid himself from them. And yet he did not achieve a full escape. Remote and fragmentary visions emerged in his mind, visions of himself and Muvvy sitting in similar seats, looking at a similar spectacle, bringing with them echoes of remotely experienced feelings and thoughts. It was the same spectacle, but it did not seem to him then either strange, barbarously meaningless or depressing because she sat at his side clasping his hand. Nothing had ever been meaningless or strange while she was near him. The world—even its distant and alien corners—was safe and undisturbing; reality concealed no menace while he was sheltered in her nearness.

He sought to suppress the feeling, to brush the thought from his mind, but it came to him now, as it had come to him countless times in recent months, that his solitude was complete and without the hope of amelioration. Once again he perceived with implacable clarity that now at thirty-six he was completely alone, completely forlorn and adrift.

It had been a safe and distant journey, he thought, and Mexico had been one of the initial stopping places along our random itinerary, as Paris, Algiers, Vienna and Rome had been in later years. We moved a

lot, covered lots of space, and now I am keeping it up. Only now it is not a tour of discovery. Now I am drifting on—just to keep moving. Though perhaps it is a kind of journey back. Perhaps it is an attempt to retrace my steps to some starting point—if there is such a place.

Is this the reason why I am here? he asked himself. Could Mexico—this gruesome business in the arena—have been the starting place? Yes, he thought, in a way it had indeed been a kind of beginning.

* * *

He was twelve then, and he was old enough to understand some things. Above all, after six wretched years in a military boarding school, he understood the meaning of solitude and the boundless joy of release. Muvvy had just divorced Mr. Dunning; they were free and they were together, and it was truly the beginning of a new life for them both. They had only each other from now on, she said repeatedly, and that was all they needed.

They had celebrated his birthday in Mexico, at the quiet little hotel that used to face the Alameda, whose owners, an elderly English couple, provided a cake with candles on it and a flower-adorned table in the corner of the dining room. "It is just you and me," Muvvy said, "and we are going to have a lot of fun together."

So that perhaps had actually been the starting point. The quiet little birthday party which he so clearly remembered was indeed a kind of beginning. At least he had no knowledge then of the veritable beginning—of the appalling enigmatic person who was his father—the man whose name he bore and who vanished into an unutterable void. He had no knowledge of the ghastly ordeal of love and hate his birth involved, of hideous jealousy and brutal reprisal, of cruel betrayal and base abandon, of drunkenness and fits of rage, and of Muvvy's final liberation—her escape from the dismal mining camp in Colorado to Salt Lake City, where three months later he was born in a dingy room of a back-street hotel.

He had no recollection then of his life with Muvvy during the interim before she married Mr. Dunning, when he had to be placed in the military school, nor did he learn his story in full until years afterwards, patching it together from Muvvy's random and reluctant disclosures. He had no clear picture of his early childhood, beyond the knowledge that he had been reared by a neglectful mother and a rich, unfriendly stepfather, and the remembrance of incessant loneliness and fear and of a baffling sense of disparity and apartness.

And even when their separation finally came to an end the sense of apartness acquired during the pliant years of his forsaken childhood remained with him, and became more acute and predominant as he grew older. It stemmed from the forever fearful knowledge that his life, all his thoughts, his feelings and actions, the whole world around him, were inseparably bound, as if by an unsevered umbilical cord, to the woman who bore him: it came from an inescapable awareness that his life had no place of its own, that it clung perilously and helplessly to a tiny margin of the place which she alone made for them and she alone possessed.

Continued on page 44

The Rubber People

By Trent Elwood Sanford

FAMILIAR and commonplace to modern generations, the material composing the tires of the car in which we drove down to Mexico was entirely unknown to the European races before the Spaniards came to Mexico. Specimens of rubber have been found in the Sacred Well at the Maya city of Chichen Itzá in Yucatán—the first rubber known to us—and rubber balls were used in the sacred games. But before that time rubber (olli to the ancient Mexicans) was used for incense and for waterproofing by the people to whom it gave its name, the Olmeca, or Rubber People, who lived in what is now the western part of the state of Tabasco and the southern part of the state of Vera Cruz, near the shores of the Bay of Campeche.

Traversed by a network of rivers emptying into the bay and interspersed by swampy lowlands and occasional grasslands, their country is for the most part one of thick jungle, which the ancient inhabitants had cleared to grow their crops, and which, in later days, the Spaniards had cleared again to use for ranges for cattle. Again, in days too busy with revolutions, the jungle took possession, and only in recent years, in this new day of agrarian opportunity, has it once more felt the keen edge of the machete and been put to use by pioneer farmers whose fields of maize and of beans can now be seen growing up again in the clearings.

While actual architectural remains are few, there must at some time long ago, have been populous cities in that area. One extensive ruin was discovered in 1925 by Frans Blom of Tulane University, another by Dr. Herbert Spinden the same year, and, since then, further explorations have been made, revealing, in several places, great rectangular plazas surrounded by large mounds of earth. In one city fifty mounds were counted, stretching along a distance of more than two miles. In another location was found a large rectangular enclosure formed by cylindrical stone columns ten feet high, placed vertically to form a continuous stone wall. Because there was no stone available in the immediate vicinity of any of those cities now covered with jungle, masonry structures are exceedingly rare. Except for that stone wall and some tombs recently discovered, in which stone slabs were used, only one example of masonry construction has been found, a small platform with steep stone steps leading up one side.

Though there is almost no stone architecture, a brief description of the findings there seems justified here on two counts. That part of the country has furnished the oldest dated object in the Western Hemisphere; and, in addition to a wealth of small art objects carved from vivid green or translucent blue jade, bright red cinnabar, pale green serpentine, and black



By Jose A. Rodriguez.

hematite, the people produced colossal stone sculptures of amazing workmanship.

In 1902 a native working in a tobacco field near San Andres Tuxtla in the southern part of the state of Vera Cruz happened to see, lying in the dirt before him, a shining object of pale green stone. When the dirt had been wiped from its surface the object proved to be a jadeite figurine, beautifully carved and polished. Only eight inches high, it represented a fat, bald-headed priest with a jolly face and a duck's bill. To the workman, innocent of its inestimable value, it was but a curious object of art, but when it was turned over to archaeologists there were discovered on its tiny jadeite stomach Maya bar and dot characters indicating a date corresponding to 98 B.C., a discovery which made it the most valuable single archaeological object yet found in America.

For years afterward this little figure caused many a controversy as to whether the location where it was found was a center of early culture, or whether it could not have been merely lost there by a careless Maya wandering far from home. The nearest known Maya site, Comalcalco, is 150 miles away; Palenque, of the so-called "Old Empire" of the Mayas, is another 100 miles beyond; and Chichen Itzá lies almost 500 miles to the east.

Joint expeditions of the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian Institution under the direction of Matthew W. Stirling in 1939 and 1940 resulted in startling discoveries which have thrown new light on the subject. One was a date corresponding to 291 B.C. carved in Maya characters on a large and heavy, though broken, stone monument, almost two centuries earlier than the previous earliest date on the stomach of the little duck-billed priest. It was found near Tres Zapotes, only twenty miles to the west of the field where the statuette had lain buried for more than two thousand years.

A stela found at Cerro de las Mesas, the ancient city of many earthen platforms and mounds discovered by Dr. Spinden, and only forty miles south of the present city of Vera Cruz, bears a date corresponding

to A.D. 206, indicative of occupation and known use of the calendar in that part of the country throughout a period of five hundred years; while fragments of pottery and figurines found at various strata point to at least the intermittent habitation of cities in that vicinity throughout a much longer period—from a time before Christ almost up to the time of the Spanish Conquest.

Of particular architectural interest were several carved monolithic altars. In the largest of these a life-size figure sits cross-legged in an arched niche beneath a projecting top on which is carved a tightly stretched jaguar skin. On another a male figure in full relief and with an elaborate headdress emerges from a niche holding a baby in his arms. Two similar groups carved in low relief on either side of that altar, each figure holding a child, prompted the discoverers to nickname the altar "The Quintuplets." Still another great monolithic altar in the form of a colossal head with an ugly conventionalized face has a hole staring at one ear and emerging at the mouth, giving rise to the possibility of its use as an ancient American "Oracle of Delphi."

Most baffling of the discoveries were several other colossal carved stone heads found in various locations. Unlike the conventionalized oracle, they are most life-like in appearance, with features, rather negroid in character, perfectly proportioned. Almost hidden by a dense growth of bushes, vines, and grass, which first had to yield to the machete, these heads lay buried with only the rounded tops exposed to the surface of the ground, and, upon excavation, were found to rest directly on stone foundations. They wear what appear to be tight-fitting helmets, giving them much the appearance of giant prehistoric football players.

Such a head had been discovered near Tres Zapotes in the middle of the last century by natives who thought the exposed top of the head to be the bottom of a great inverted kettle. Visions of buried treasure prompted excavation, but when the true nature of the colossal object was discovered and no "treasure" was forthcoming, the work was abandoned. Nature gradually covered it again and it remained only as a vague tradition until rediscovery in 1938 by Mr. Stirling and complete excavation the following year by the expedition under his leadership brought to light the treasure that it truly was.

A short time later, at La Venta, just across the state border in Tabasco, 100 miles to the east, and but a short distance from the western fringe of hitherto known Maya culture at Comalcalco, several more such heads were unearthed. The partially protruding top of one of these, along with a number of other stone monuments, had been discovered in 1925 by the expedition headed by Frans Blom, but the colossal monolith was not excavated until 1940, when three more such heads placed in a row and only thirty yards apart were also brought to light.

The largest of these heads is more than eight feet in diameter—fifteen tons of basaltic rock in one piece, transported for many miles from the nearest possible quarry with no wheels, no draft animals, but long stretches of matted, twisting, thick jungle, swampy lowlands, and several deep gorges to cross. Even more remarkable was the transporting of that monolithic altar covered with the carved jaguar skin; it weighs thirty tons. Certainly the engineering ability of those ancient people took no mere second place to their artistic prowess. To move such blocks of stone a great distance with all necessary mechanical equipment would be quite a feat of modern engineering; how the Olmecs did it is a mystery.

Who the Olmecs were or where they came from is as much a mystery. It may always be. Perhaps the Mayas who built great cities far to the east in Chiapas, in Guatemala, and in Yucatán, the Toltecs who have left great and mysterious remains on the plateau, and the Zapotecs who created amazing textile designs in stone in a land between the Mayas and the Toltecs learned their arts from these people of the gulf coast. This area may have been the cradle of those later cultures. Perhaps the ancestors of the Mayas, the Toltecs, and the Zapotecs once lived in these cities, and several generations later the descendants moved out, some to the east, some to the south, and some to the west and north.

Only three things are certain. They had that same perfected calendar which we shall find among their neighbors well to the east and south; they created and transported for great distances remarkable stone sculptures before the birth of Christ; and the fifteen-ton head and the thirty-ton altar did not fall out of the vest pocket of a careless Maya wandering far from home.



Ool.

By Andres Sa'gs.



VILLAGE STREET. Oa.

By Andres Salgo.

Summer in Ajijic

By Dane Chandos

I HEARD them coming round the bend of the path. Then they came into sight, the line of burros, stepping delicately under their loads of ore, and the two Indios with their broken huaraches flapping from toes like bundles of bruised cigars and the wide, white trousers flopping.

"Good afternoon," I said, standing aside for them to pass. "Adiós."

"Adiós, good afternoon," said the first man, touching his big flat hat.

"Adiós," said the second man.

They were gone round the corner, silenced in the great silence of the Mexican hills. I heard a stone clack, and that was the last of them. That is Mexico, I thought, the Indio and the burro, appearing out of nowhere and vanishing into nowhere with no fixed rules or directions, nothing beginning anywhere in particular or stopping anywhere in particular, lost in the prodigious landscapes and the broken hills and the long lilac distances.

This year the rains were plentiful. The mountains all round the lake, and the ribbon of flat land where the village of Ajijic lies between the paws of the mountains and the lake of Chapala, were painted in all the greens there are—metallic greens that should not have existed in nature, like the green of old copper, of verdigris; greens that should only be produced in cooking, like the silky, succulent color of mashed chard; the velvet rustiness of boiled seaweed; vulgar

greens in the bluish jade range, right for a dance partner's dress in a honkytonk. From a little way up the hillside, I looked down on this narrow, fertile strip along the lakeshore, where the mountains plunge their feet into foliage—thick green and coral branches of mango, the glossy leaves of citrus orchards, flame-green plumes of banana, ragged fronds of palm, the discreet dull leaves of alligator pear, the feathery boughs of jacaranda and royal poinciana—a verdant sponginess, vivid against the immense blue-silver platter of the lake, and broken only by the white-painted church tower of Ajijic and by the tiled roofs of the one-story adobe houses showing rosegray and cocoapink.

I had come on my walk in order to look for plants of a wild dahlia, small and single and vividly scarlet, which grows lavishly during the rains.

"Those poppies?" Candelaria, my cook, had said when I asked her. "Oh yes, the hills are full of those poppies, if you care for flowers of that style. Why don't we have fine unusual flowers like the Señor Johnson?"

Candelaria earns well and hoards her money, which she keeps, I fancy, hidden in crannies of the adobe walls of her house. She is very nervous, and every night her door and window, padlocked both, are barred and shuttered with heavy mesquite beams.

"The señor Profesor says he wants tapioca again tonight. Does he want tapioca every night? I can

make many sorts of gruel, both with milk and water, but if he wants tapioca always we must give him tapioca."

She seemed to have answered herself, so I had left it at that, and gone for my walk. I went slowly up a path snaked round the humps and clefts of the arroyo. Across the lake, the clouds were gathering round the peak of Cerro de Garcia, the tall mountain whose long restful curves dominate the far shores of the lake opposite Ajijie. Sometimes they advanced quickly, tendrils of cotton clambering round a bluff. Sometimes they came sliding round the side of the mountain with the slow certainty of a glacier, all time and the earth before it. Yet, if you looked away, perhaps only for a minute, you would turn to find that a whole spur had vanished, or that a ravine, which had been green and budgy, was now leveled with white vapor. It was just like the Mexican inflation. For years prices had been rising, now creeping and now jumping, until we had reached a plane where everything cost triple. That was why I had become an innkeeper, why my house had a longer terrace, several more rooms, and two bungalows in the corners of the huerta. That was why the huerta now grew more fruit and vegetables than it did flowers. That was why Professor Fountanne's tapioca concerned us, not to mention his punctuality, so that Candelaria went to sleep or to rest clutching a huge red alarm clock, only the hour-hand of which meant anything to her. That was why, in addition to chatterbox Candelaria, Cayetano the mozo, now styling himself major-domo, sniveling Aurora the washerwoman, and aquiline, tobacco-brown Nieves the housemaid, I was also employing Obdulía, a pudding-faced girl recommended to me as "donkey but honest", Lola, a plump and earthy woman who was a great worker and a great belcher; and Silvanito, a boy of fifteen, whom I had known since he was struggling with pothooks. And that was why, whenever a launch was heard coming down the lake, Cayetano rushed down to the beach to see if it were bringing guests for my inn.

"For," said Cayetano, "if I were not there, somebody else would tell the señores about the posada, and if he did not get a tip from them, then he might ask us for one, or at the worst me, and that would not be good."

In these years Ajijie, and indeed the whole coast from Chapala to Jocotepec, had changed. A lot of land along the lakeshore had been bought away from the Indians by city Mexicans and foreigners. Down at El Chante, a hamlet close to Jocotepec long noted for its thieving and murderous inhabitants, there had sprung up a colony of week-end houses for the rich of Guadalajara. In Chapala, more houses had been built and were building, more and more foreigners arrived. Most of them were artists.

"Wherever I look," said one elderly lady artist, who spent her time looking everywhere, "I see a smudge of young American painters. I can't understand their pictures. I like Rembrandt and Maxfield Parrish."

The colony, however, revolved in a little group, criticizing, praising, helping, backbiting, backscratching, hating, and loving one another, all agreed on the desirability of living in Mexico, while avoiding acquaintance with Mexicans, and viewing Indians as a frieze of often paintable figures. Sometimes they would come to Ajijie in a bunch, and for the space of their visit the house took on an alien atmosphere. It was as though it ceased to be a house and became a theater set. The Mexican spirit retreated, leaving the shell of Mexico as a stage for these strange actors. Yet, though the rowdier among them are lowering the prestige of the foreigner, their way of living, detached from

their surroundings, makes them on the whole irrelevant to the Mexican scene.

In Ajijie itself a number of houses had been sold and refurbished up by their new owners, mostly as week-end places. Several new ones had risen along the shore. A Mexican colonel had whipped up a pastry-cook villa in no time, his materials roaring down amid a bustle of efficiency in five-ton trucks. An Englishman had built a long, low house fronted by a superb garden which blazed with color the year round. The village had become much more prosperous, a spending ground for money earned elsewhere. Prosperity was reflected in plastered, whitewashed houses, shoes, sweaters, and a distressing tendency among the boys of the village to give up their becoming wide sombreros in favor of silly little straw billycocks. Doña Arcelia of the corner shop had become ampler than ever, and it seemed to me that there were several more gold teeth in the family. Javier, her son, once the village's most elegant youth, had an expanding waistline and puffy cheeks. Even Doña Florencia, who had an independent income and no trade, and so could not have profited by the foreigners, had perked up and looked as if she were sharing in the bonanza. But from where I sat, up in the hills, nothing seemed to have changed. The new roofs already belonged to the landscape, absorbed like everything else into the changeless earth of Mexico.

Silently on bare feet and pads, a very small boy and a very big dog came round the rock above me. The dog had a can and an empty bag strapped to his back. I knew the boy, whose father had done odd jobs for me.

"Good afternoon, Umberto."

"Sí," said the boy in a high, shy whisper.

"Back from taking your father's dinner to him?"

"Sí," said the boy.

"Isn't he afraid of the bandits, or does he feel he has to work his field anyway?"

"Sí," said the boy.

He and the dog padded downward and disappeared round an organ cactus, whose uplifted fingers cut the view of the beach into sections. Through my binoculars I could see the winged willows and beneath them Mrs. Fountanne, who always took a walk at this hour of the afternoon, standing aside as the flock of beige goats went by and holding her sunshade at the ready in case they attacked. Thin and intelligent, with eyebrows set high above tortoise lids, she had a look of bored alertness. She wore the university stamp of both the Cambridges, where her husband had lectured, but she was not unwordly and dealt with everything in a competent, unfussy way. I felt sure that, should a goat attack, she would know just how to prod it to the most advantage.

Another burro came down the mountain path with an elderly man whom I didn't know beside it. The burro was laden with great sheaves of wild tuberoses. The man took off his hat as he returned my greeting.

"What lovely flowers," I said. "Are you selling them?"

"Yes, how not. Don't you want to buy some?"

"Yes, I'd like to. But if I carry them, they'll wilt in my hand."

"I would take them to your house."

I hesitated. Perhaps the man would take my money and leave no flowers.

"I know where you live," he said reassuringly.

"In that house down there."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, everyone knows it. Everyone knows that it is a hotel of the most modern, with little sprinklers of hot water and tubs to sit in."

Continued on page 49



Water Color.

By George F. Newton.

City of the Angels

By Hudson Strode

EIGHT miles beyond Cholula lay Puebla de Los Angeles. When the Spaniards found Cholula an active city dating far beyond historical record, Puebla was no more than an unmarked spot on the plain. Ten years after the fall of Tenochtitlán, the Spaniards created Puebla as a strategic center between Vera Cruz and the capital. According to one legend, the precise site was selected by two angels who appeared in a dream to a Franciscan friar named Julian Garcés. The supernatural beings carried surveyors' rods and lines, and pointed the way to what is now Puebla. The powers in Mexico City recognized the sagacity of the choice, and work was begun on the eve of Archangel Michael's day in 1531. The town was named in honor of the surveying angels.

According to the chronicles of Fray Toribio de Benavente on the sixteenth of April 1532, forty Spanish families came to settle in the newly laid-out city. The first buildings were erected by "eight thousand Tlaxcalan Indians, who arrived singing and dancing and playing upon their musical instruments." But for all the metaphysical aid of angel surveyors and a troop of musical Indians at its origin, Puebla did not seem sympathetic to us on first impression. Its pavements and its eastern hills palpitate with the history of famous sieges. It was ever a stronghold of Catholicism (often spoken of as "the Rome of Mexico"). Its townspeople pride themselves on their old mansions. Some of its facades fairly blossom with tile. But its streets were narrow and formal, and the cathedral was turned the wrong way. It was difficult to get a good look at anything.

The guidebooks say Puebla is famous for its fine food. "Excellent" was the printed word for the place we stopped for luncheon. A man friend of Pat's,

who had lived twenty years in Mexico had said, "Positively, it's the only place to eat, even though it looks like a bar." But an American friend of ours, a seasoned world traveler and a Mexican enthusiast, had written "awful food!" in pencil in the margin of the guidebook she had lent us, as well as "terrible!" by the name of the best hotel, reputed to have "an exquisite cuisine in the midst of eighteenth-century aristocratic splendor." From the minute we were placed at a corner table of the restaurant near the front, we were plagued by persistent newsboys, male and female lottery-ticket sellers, itinerant vendors of objects in onyx, and a pestiferous set of beggars of diverse categories.

Thérèse and I ordered the famous mole poblano, "for which Puebla is celebrated throughout the Republic." Pat was more prudent; she stuck to the arroz con pollo. The principal ingredients of the mole were chocolate and chili. It was blackishbrown and had a rich, heavy odor. But it was not for our palates or stomach lining. We tried to pick out the slices of turkey breast and remove as much of the sauce as possible. But it was still too fiery and sickish, and we gave up and ordered chilled papaya, something as safe as refreshing, and that could not be ruined in the kitchen.

Hovering about us like kibitzers over a bridge table stood three wavers of flimsy strips of lottery tickets, mumbling of fortuna. At last, when an evil-looking old female beggar joined the group and began to snivel, I rose from my chair. With a stern expression and cold emphasis I said: "No, no, no! To all of you. Go, por favor, Go with God! But *no*! Not mañana. Inmediatamente! Stand not upon the order of your going. But go, instantáneamente!" The

old woman banded vicious eyes with me for a moment. But with the others, she departed, shaking the dust of us from her draggetailed skirt. I was not as upset as Lady Macbeth at the banquet, but the effect of my speech was something the same. Still, it was the only time I ever felt forced to be rude to peddlers or beggars in Mexico. "Let's go do penance for my manners," I said, "in the cathedral across the plaza."

We did not cross directly through the Plaza de la Constitución, but wound our way under the portales which surround three sides. The chief commodities sold here seemed to be sweetmeats and candied yams, onyx knickknacks in a thousand shapes, and puppet dolls dangling from strings. The tile was so emphatically the queen of manufactured products that industrialists had presented the plaza with seats in green-and-lavender tile gaudily advertising their brands of cigarettes and mineral water.

In October 1847, this plaza had been the scene of a strange siege. After the battle of Cerro Gordo, in which the American troops defeated Santa Anna, General William J. Worth had left in Puebla eighteen hundred sick and wounded soldiers to be guarded by Colonel Thomas Childs and five hundred men. Fearing trouble in the naturally hostile city, Colonel Childs made a barricaded encampment in the plaza and brought a quantity of cattle and sheep for precaution against starvation. When the main part of the American army had proceeded over the mountains toward the capital, Mexican soldiers attacked the invaders in the square. For thirty days they kept up artillery fire, shot rifles from the housetops, and attacked with bayonets down the converging streets. The whole city watched the fight with interest, wagers were made, church bells clanged excitedly day and night. At last, after thirty days of holding out in the very center of an enemy town, Colonel Childs was rescued by reinforcements from Vera Cruz.

The church bells had apparently never stopped ringing—at least in one part of the city or another—and we approached the cathedral to the noise of pealing bells. The massive cathedral turns its side instead of its face to the plaza. But it is no great matter, for the facade is not inspired, and the atrium is nothing but arid flagstone. The cornerstone had been laid in 1562, two years before Shakespeare was born and some decades before any Englishman set foot in Virginia. The edifice was declared completed on April 18, 1649. In the bell-tower, the largest of the eighteen bells, which weighs nine tons, was set in place in 1729. In spite of the authentic antiquity, strangely the cathedral has not taken on the patina that comes with age.

The famous interior seemed to us a conglomeration of magnificence, gloom, and bad taste. There is some beautiful carving in the choir loft, but one hardly sees it for the lavish display of gilded pillars, onyx altars, and marble statuary. Amid so much ostentation the series of enormous barred metal gates before the lateral chapels were superbly impressive in their chaste dignity.

"How far is all this pretentious grandeur," we said, "from the pervading spirituality of the little church and monastery at Huejotzingo!" Pat the Catholic, quite agreed, and she did not even ask to see the shrine behind the bishop's choir which treasured a reputed thorn from Christ's crown when he was crucified.

Though the grandiose cathedral seemed as disharmonious as the chocolate and chili concoction called mole poblano, the opulent little Rosary Chapel in the Church of Santo Domingo was as lovely as a Mozart opera. The design and decoration had been

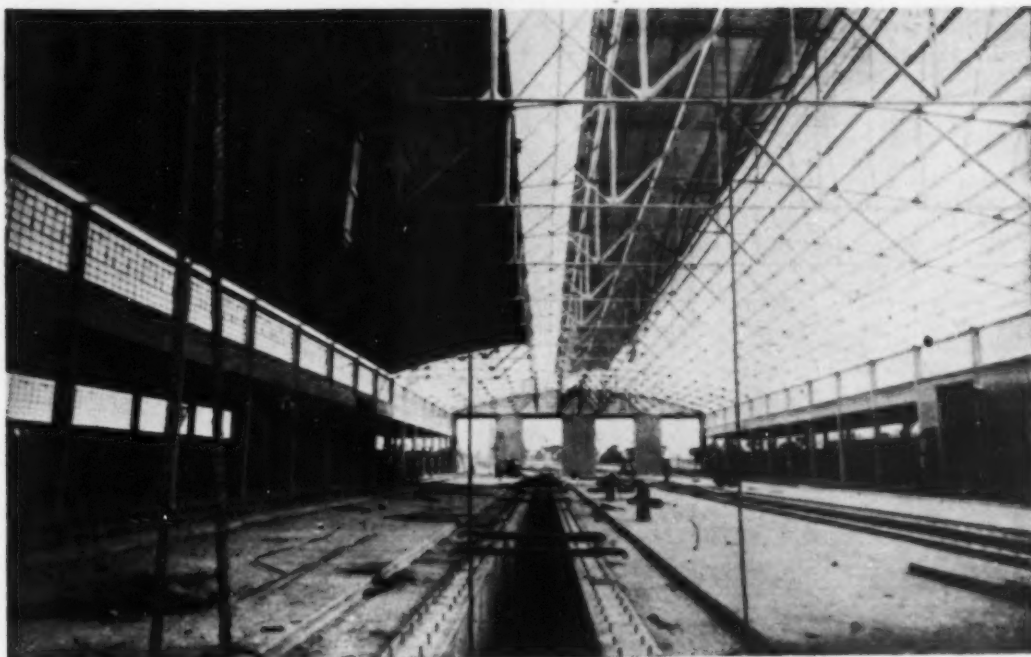
created and executed by concordant minds. The lavish use of gold leaf and polychrome was all of one style. In the midst of golden fruits and multicolored garlands, ethereal angels blew silvery trumpets and made a joyful noise unto the Lord. Strange mythological beasts with pastel hides lay down contentedly together. Birds and flowers, saints and animals, dappled light and candle glow, were all mere varied tributes of a God of love and joy. There was no gloom, no lack, no wounded Jesus to darken the spirits. Though this seventeenth-century chapel to the Virgin was the antithesis of Franciscan simplicity, it was as honest as it was gorgeous. To look at it rejoiced the heart like an Easter hymn.

Another piece of Puebla architecture that suggests frozen music is the seventeenth-century Casa del Alféñique. Its lyrical walls are of rose lava and blue-and-white majolica squares, topped with gay Churrigueresque adornments in white stone like the frosting on a wedding cake. Its sixteen charming little balconies have iron balustrades so delicate and fine that they look as if they might have been spun by gigantic spiders. This ancient mansion, which is still in excellent preservation, served as a guest house for viceroys in colonial days. Dignitaries fresh from Spain paused here on the arduous trip from Vera Cruz to the capital and gathered strength for the more hazardous stretch over the great mountain wall. No house in Mexico has been the scene of better balls and parties, for the Creoles were determined to make a memorable first impression on the Spanish noblemen and their haughty retinues. Now the Sugar Paste House has been transformed into a state museum. The upper floors have been refurnished like a seigniorial dwelling of the colonial period, from the crimson-brocaded drawing-room to the picturesque authentic kitchen.

We passed up the famous clandestine Convent of Santa Monica, though we paused before the private house at 18 Poniente No. 103 that disguises the entrance. Only in 1935, decades after the Juárez law that made convents unlawful in Mexico, was it discovered that this order of nuns had gone literally underground, taking their paintings, brocaded vestments, and embroideries with them. There are thirty-nine rooms reached by various trapdoors and hidden stairs. A secret passage leads to a near-by church. In seclusion, for seventy-eight years the nuns carried on, earning their living by making embroideries that were somehow smuggled out and sold. To keep the order going, novices were admitted as the old ladies died: The secret was disclosed by a servant in the private house who quarreled with her mistress. The state, to which all ecclesiastical property belongs by law, turned the place into a museum and brought the effects of two unearthed bootleg convents to put on exhibition in Santa Monica.

Instead of visiting the convent, we went to one of the noted tile factories. They, too, do not look like what they are. Their fronts are those of private houses. The Uriarte tile factories have remained in the possession of the same families for generations, and visitors stroll about the public rooms, the patios, and the back gardens much like guests at a party. The Uriarte drawing-rooms have been turned into showrooms and its arcades into ateliers for the artisans, who sit in a long row applying the different colors. Like a garden house at the back of the courtyard are the great ovens for the firing. The pieces are laid on a long paddle something like that used by an old-time French baker, and shoved into the fiery furnace by a man dressed in baker's white.

Continued on page 48



This enormous steel and concrete structure, now nearing completion, will house the car repair shops.

The New Freight Terminal of The Valley of Mexico

By Stewart Morton

THE "Aleman Plan for Railway Rehabilitation, which was formulated by President Miguel Alemán and is being carried out by the administration of the National Railways of Mexico under the able direction of Lic. R. Palacios, General Manager, provides for the rehabilitation of tracks, renovation of locomotive power and of freight and passenger equipment, and the modernization of the more important railway terminals, whose location and planning will result in more efficient and economical service.

Outstanding among the projects which comprise this comprehensive plan is the construction of the great Railway Terminal of the Valley of Mexico, a gigantic undertaking representing an investment of more than two hundred million pesos, obtained from the disposal of land that is no longer required by the system, as well as from internal and external loans.

The magnitude of this project may be fully appreciated considering that its trackage spread will have an extension of 216 kilometers, that a volume of two million cubic meters was handled in its ground preparation, while 460 thousand cubic meters of ballast and 432 thousand cross-ties were employed in the building of the trackage.

Two major units comprise the Railway Terminal of the Valley of Mexico: the Passenger Terminal, which will occupy a spacious site in the vicinity of the present Buena Vista Station, and the Freight Terminal, extending over a larger area near the town of Tlalnepantla. The latter terminal has been planned to fill the following objectives:

- 1) To render the handling of incoming and outgoing freight more efficient, rapid and economical. It must be mentioned at this point that the existence at present of various stations (Nonoalco, San Lázaro, Peralvillo, Tacuba, Santa Julia, etc.) makes the operation of loading and unloading slow and fractional, which unduly ties up a great deal of rolling equipment. Such slow and dispersed handling inevitably adds to the cost of transported goods, and thus contributes to the rise in costs of living. The quicker and less costly operation resulting from the concentration of all freight traffic in a single terminal should therefore help to lower the costs of living.

- 2) To solve diverse administrative and technical problems of the National Railways of Mexico, hitherto caused by the dispersion of shops, offices and other departments.

3) To reduce the costs of freight shipment through the concentration within a single zone of all the incoming and outgoing trains, as well as of the shops, warehouses and all other departments related to freight operation.

4) To facilitate the urban growth of the City of Mexico, at present seriously impeded by many traversing railway tracks which will disappear with the new Terminal. To likewise solve the problems of vehicular and pedestrian traffic, originating in the numerous railway crossings within the city.

5) The new Terminal will tend to create an industrial zone in the Federal District, wherein the factories that have been heretofore established along the existing railways in diverse sections of the Federal District may be eventually centered, thus solving the problem such industrial dispersion has created in the City of Mexico.

6) To increase the capacity of receiving and dispatching of freight trains, so as to cope with the growth in the volume of freight traffic ensuing from the country's accelerated economic development—a goal that cannot be realized with the present installations which are materially constricted by the urban development of the city.

* * *

The Freight Terminal of the Valley of Mexico will consist of the following units:

1) Freight Station which comprises:

A) Warehouses for merchants, wholesale dealers and general storage. These will be supervised by the Mexico City Board of Trade, and will offer the utmost in sanitation, spaciousness and security for the handling of perishable goods.

B) Warehouses for the receipt and dispatching of local freight; offices of the Station Chief; loading and unloading platforms for "black" wares (coal,

scrap metal, junk, etc.); special platforms for the handling of heavy machinery; a market for pulque; platforms for unloading automobiles, and special sections for the handling of car-load shipments.

C) Customs Offices, duly equipped for the handling of all matters related to the arrival or departure of goods from or to foreign territory.

2) Fireproof warehouses for express shipments, provided with all the necessary installations and services.

3) Spacious warehouses and offices for the Post Office, provided with latest mechanical equipment which will expedite the distribution of mail and parcel post.

4) Station for the Presidential Train.

5) Service yards for passenger cars.

6) Repair shops for freight and passenger Diesel and steam locomotives.

7) Yards for reclassification, formation and dispatching of trains.

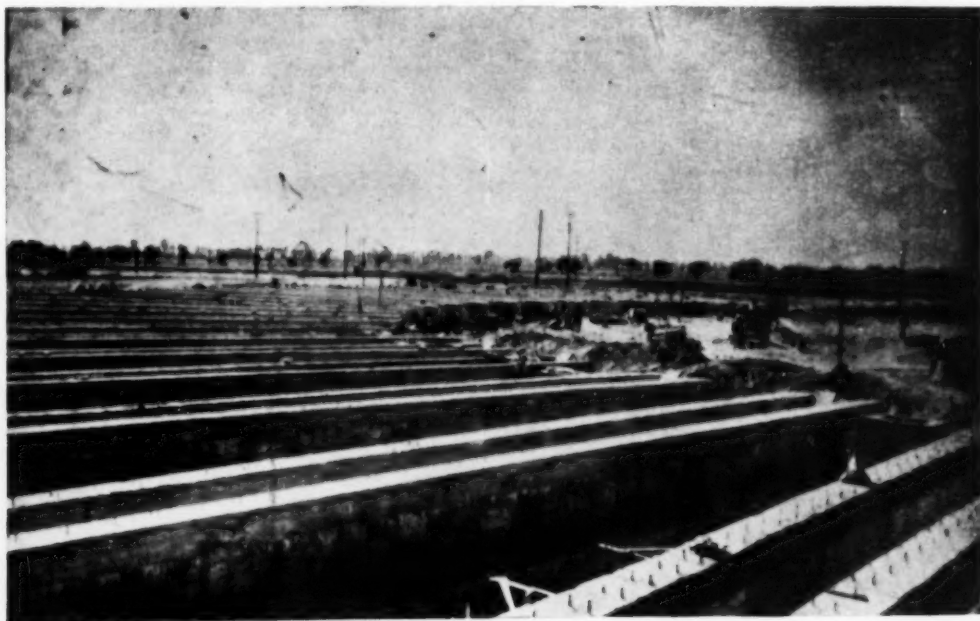
8) Yards for classification.

9) Yards for receiving of trains.

These yards will contain a sufficient number of tracks to accommodate freight trains of up to sixty cars, provided with space for future enlargement, so that they may eventually accommodate trains of up to a hundred cars. The yards will be equipped with proper lighting, the most modern electric signal systems and means of intercommunication, including those required for "hump" tracks, scales and retarders of the "hump," for its perfect and rapid operation.

10) Round House and shops for Diesel locomotives, both of which will be equipped with the latest type of machinery, and supply warehouses of materials, strategically located in order that the work of conservation may be carried out upon the basis of a maximum production and a minimum effort on the part of the workers.

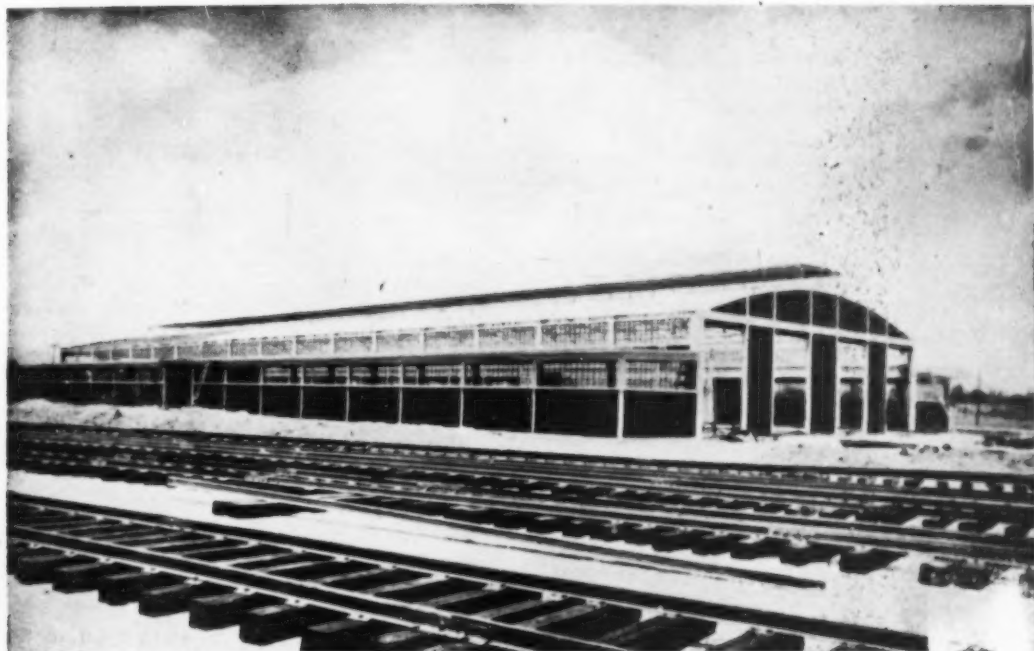
Understructure of concrete pits forms the completed foundation of the great Round House.





Tracks approaching the car repair shops at the new Freight Terminal of the Valley of Mexico.

Exterior view of the structure that will house the car repair shops.



S H O P S

This railway center, the most important in the Republic, will contain, moreover, shops for major or heavy repairs of Diesel and steam locomotives, as well as for freight and passenger cars.

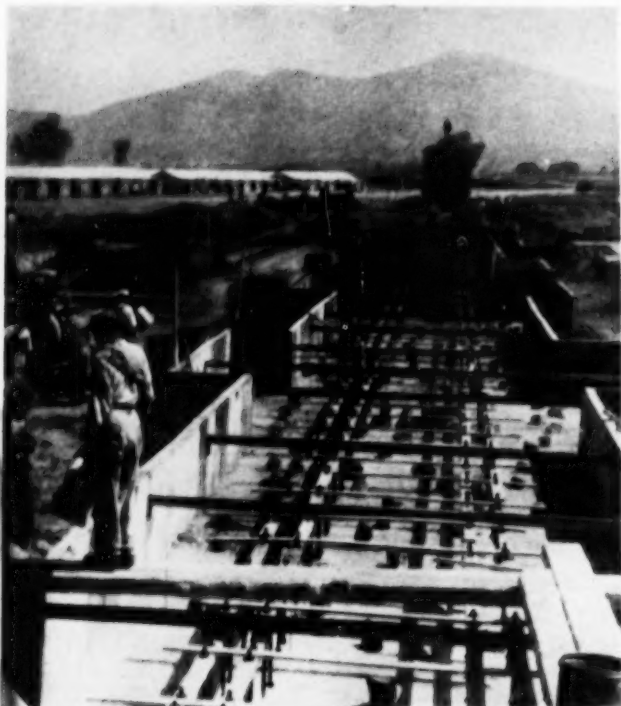
The shops will be comprised of the following units:

Repair shop for steam locomotives; repair shops for passenger coaches, freight cars, gondolas, tank-cars; power house; foundry shops; warehouse for the concentration of materials; storage yard for oils and lubricants; offices of the Shop Superintendent; First-aid station; house for the General Storekeeper; house for the Master Mechanic of the Terminal; Platform for car-washing.

The Freight Terminal of the Valley of Mexico and its shops will be provided with installations of water, air, drainage, light and steam services, as well as with fire-fighting equipment.

The Terminal will be communicated with the city by means of appropriately located highways and streets. For the entrance of trains proceeding from Veracruz, Puebla, Oaxaca, and other southeastern points it was necessary to construct a switch from the place called El Risco (junction with the Mexican Railway) to San Rafael, over a length of thirteen kilometers.

The construction of this great terminal, initiated a year and a half ago, has been entrusted to one of the best organized and most reputable construction companies in Mexico—C. I. C. (Compañía Inmobiliaria y Constructora, S. A.) and is being carried out promptly on schedule by Mexican engineers, technicians and workmen.



A small army of workmen engaged in the vast construction of the various units which comprise the new Freight Terminal of the Valley of Mexico.

Repair shops for Diesel locomotives, representing the latest in technical perfection.





Wax Sculpture.

By Luis Hidalgo.

Mexican Proverbs

By Joseph Raymond

THE soul of a people shines through their proverbs, according to an ancient Chinese saying. Miguel de Cervantes was thinking along this line when he defined proverbs as "short sentences drawn from long experience." During the "long experience" or history of Mexico, a wealth of "short sentences" has surged into the national language stream. These culturally meaningful materials document the proposition that a people's collective attitudes and characteristics are crystallized, high-lighted, or at least indexed by their proverbs.

No people more than Mexicans (unless it be Spaniards) have taken such delight at sprinkling proverbs (refranes) in their speech. Historically, in Mexico the printed word has been de-emphasized; it is logical that in such a culture the oral tradition evolve a high degree of picturesqueness, color, and striking precision—of which the proverb is an illustration. From the language of senators and scholars to that of humble criadas a treasury of proverbs can be compiled.

I used to jot down the sparkling, pungently memorable refranes that our Mexican maid, Jovita used through the years. On dismal days when things did not march well, she would say, "Turn a good face to the bad times" (*A mal tiempo, buena cara*). Jovita never complained of her bumpy bed, saying wearily at night, "There's no bad bed for the good sleep" (*A buen sueño no hay mala cama*). When we apologetically gave her some modest token of esteem, she accepted it philosophically with "Look not a gift-horse in the mouth" (*A caballo regalado, no hay que mirarle diente*). Once an elderly neighbor, lonely after the death of his wife, finally took up animated and fruitful courtship with an attractive señorita. Jovita observed on diverse occasions: "Weep little, look for another" (*Llorar poco y buscar otro*), "Let the old cat have a tender mouse" (*A gato viejo, ratón tierno*), and "Though gray hairs come, the heart's still young" (*Si la cabeza encanece, el corazón no envejece*).

There were times when the gardener did not ex-

pend violent energy at work, as though he were saving himself for a rainy day. On one of these slack moments he quipped proverbially, "Work may enoble one, but it also ages one" (El trabajo te ennoblee, pero también te envejece).

Proverbial attitudes toward love and courtship:

Love has inspired many Mexican proverbs: "Jealous love, sleepless nights" (Amor con celos causa desvelos) which makes sense, for "Who loves well suffers much (Mucho sufre quien bien ama), and "Where there's love there's pain" (Donde hay amor hay dolor). Unfortunately, "for this kind of suffering there's no doctor" (Para el mal de amores no hay doctores). Ecstasy or happiness seems to entail some pain: "After love, sorrow remains" (Vanse los amores, quedan los dolores). Even so, love helps one to avoid pain: (Con amor y aguardiente nada se siente). A Mexican proverb ingeniously advises that it is best to be prudent in love affairs and to avoid ladies who are already contracted to a man: (El que ama a mujer ajena siempre anda descolorido; no por el amor que siente, sino por miedo al marido).

Mexican young folks may resent (with ample justification) the eternal chaperone. The eagle-eyed, adamant guardian usually is an elderly maiden aunt. This proverb summarizes a great deal: "Doing what old women do at dances: filling chairs and emptying glasses." (Haciendo lo que las viejas en los bailes: ocupar sillas y desocupar copas).

If a love fades away, never try to resuscitate it, for that would be distasteful, like "rewarmed chocolate" (Ni amor reanudado ni chocolate recalentado), or (Ni a puerta que te han cerrado ni a mujer que te ha olvidado). But if one cares to ignore these proverbial suggestions, he will find it easy to fan the flame back to life: "Coal that has been afire is easily rekindled" (El carbón que ha sido brasa fácilmente vuelve a arder).

Attitudes toward women

Mexican proverbs describe all types and shades of women. Some suggest overly-possessive ones: "Hardy do you say 'dear', and they want maintenance" (Apenas les dicen 'mi alma' y ya quieren casa aparte). Or, "So she's eternally jealous? Well, now you know what Hades is like" (¿Tu vieja es un celo eterno? Ya conoces el infierno). Yet if a man likes a woman, he can forgive her many faults, according to (Te perdono el mal que me haces por lo mucho que me gustas). If a man voices his admiration for a woman, she may say, "Thanks for the flower; I'll drop around for the vase" (Muchas gracias por la flor, ya vendré por la maceta). All too familiar in any language is the thought "if he does that in courtship, what won't he do when he reaches the repenting point?" (Si eso hace de pretendiente, ¿qué no hará de arrepentido?). A highly native way of saying "that's my woman" is "I'll eat that cactus, even if I get thorns in my hands" (Me he de comer esa tuna aunque me espiné la mano), which happens to be the title of a popular Mexican movie. Neither a young woman nor a rich widow are to be scorned, according to (No hay quince años feos, ni viuda rica despreciable). Nor should a woman's advice be despised at all times: (El consejo de mujer bueno algún día puede ser).

Marriage:

Before marrying, a couple should know each other well: (Quien a los veinte se casa, de veinte y medio no pasa). From the woman's point of view, it is hardly feasible to follow the advice of this one: "If you want to know what he's like, live with him a month" (A woman's place is in the home: La mujer en sus quehaceres, para eso son las mujeres, which is reminiscent of Spain's (El hombre en la plaza, la mujer en la casa). She should be as inconspicuous as possible in her dress: (Mujer que viste de seda, en su casa se queda). Is she doesn't like these prescriptions, she should just remain happily single: (Más vale bien quedada que mal casada).

Poor people who marry constitute a "beggar factory" (Casamiento de pobres, fábrica de limosneros) or (Matrimonio de arrancados es fábrica de enuecados). In-laws are intolerable, if we accept ¿Qué entendéis por los infiernos?—suegros, cuñados y yernos, or El está bien casado que no tiene suegro ni cuñado. Definitely, matrimonios do not want interferences: Entre casados o hermanos, ninguno meta las manos. As for sons and husbands, they are "loved (known) for their deeds" (Los hijos y los maridos por sus obras son queridos). There is no peace for the gambler's family: (La familia del que juega nunca goza ni sosiega). And just because the children are grown is no sign there is less work for the couple: Hijos crecidos, trabajos llovidos. Re-marriage, even in the event of death, is proverbially frowned upon: Quien enviuda y se vuelve a casar tiene cuentas con el diablo y las quiere pagar.

Some virtues—pride and self respect:

Every Mexican has his pride: "that which embarrasses is neither remembered nor discussed" (Lo que mortifica ni se recuerda ni se platicas). "It is better to die standing than to live on your knees" (Más vale morir parado que vivir de rodillas). "He who doesn't know his own worth is worth nothing" (Quien no sabe lo que vale, no vale nada), and "He who asks for little deserves nothing" (El que poco pide nada merece). Honor is esteemed: "Better an honorable petate than a dishonorable mattress" (Más vale petate honrado que colchón recriminado).

If, however, one cannot retain his dignity, he may console himself philosophically with such considerations as "Better to say, 'here he ran than here he died'" (Más vale que digan, 'aquí murió.') and "It's better to be a rich man's dog than a poor man's saint" (Más vale ser perro de rico que santo de pobre) and "If you lose honor, at least get well paid" (Si dejas de ser honrada, bien pagada), or "If the devil must take me, let him take me on a good horse" (Si me ha de llevar el diablo, que me lleve en buen caballo).

Moderation and sobriety

Mexican proverbs often refer to the desirability of having moderate tastes and desires: "What I've never had, I don't need" (Lo que nunca he tenido, ni falta me hace); "Hope kills more than the disillusionment itself" (Mata más una esperanza que un desengaño); "You'll never find a greedy person who's happy" (No hallarás un avariento que esté tranquilo en momento); "Dream highly, suffer many disappointments" (¿Te haces muchas ilusiones? —tendrás muchos desengaños). If one has been without things all his life and suddenly acquires things, "... he just lo-

ses his head" (El que nunca ha tenido y llega a tener, loco se quiere volver). Presumptuousness is condemned with *Limosnero* y con garrote.

Sincerity and personal integrity:

One finds proverbial preoccupation with man's sincerity and personal integrity: "A certainty becomes dubious when uttered by a prevaricator" (En boca del mentiroso lo cierto se hace dudoso); "We see the face, but not the heart" (Caras vemos, corazones no sabemos); "What isn't written in the Civil Registry or at Customs is just that much gained" (En el Registro Civil y en la Aduana, lo que no se apunta se gana), or "Among friends, a lawyer and two witnesses" (Entre amigo y amigo, un fiscal y dos testigos). For "actions speak louder than words" the Mexican saying is "Words are female; deeds are male" (Las palabras son hembras; los hechos son hombres).

For "practice what you preach" is *Predica pero no aplicas*. The cynical view of a friend's integrity is found in *Si quieres que sepa tu enemigo, platícale a tu amigo*. One's character is situationally constituted (shaped by his environment) if we accept "When the cash till is open, the most honorable man is a thief" (Cuando está abierto el cajón el más honrado es ladrón). Or course, every thief "mourns his lot" (No hay ladrón que no sea llorón). "Cowards and thieves move with caution" (El cobarde y el ladrón van siempre con precaución). When the opportunity presents itself, there is a greater likelihood of trickery; for instance, in confusion, the *shysters* make their kill—whether in politics, the government, or literally when fishing: "In troubled waters the fishermen make their catch" (A río revuelto, ganancia de pescadores). The fellow who begins as a flunky and turns out to be a heartless scoundrel is recognized in this refrán: *Comenzar en achichinele y acabar en ahizote*. Opportunistic friendships are mourned with the quasi-proverbial lines (Cuando yo tenía dinero me llamaba don Tomás y ahora que no tengo nada me llamó Tomás nomás). A selfish heart is commented upon by "Who, capable of giving, gives nothing, will give even less if he's incapable of giving" (Quien no da, pudiendo dar, menos dará no pudiendo) or "He who eats but does not give, what kind of a heart can he have?" (El que come y no da, ¿qué corazón tendrá?)

Drinking and alcoholic intemperance:

The alcoholic is scorned more than he is understood: *Los borrachos son el hazmerreír de los muchachos*. "If you're crazy for wine, better taper off..." (Si el vino te tiene loco, déjalo poquito a poco). Solemn warning is implied in "Everything keeps with alcohol except jobs" (Todo lo conserva el alcohol menos los empleos).

Proverbs for consolation

Jovita, our maid, often has said, "In your hour of need, turn to proverbs" (En tus apuros y afanes, acude a los refranes). Many Mexican refranes are designed for consolation and extol the virtue of patience or resignation: "I take things as they come—if they're pears, I eat them; if they're rocks, I stack them up" (Si son peras, me las como, y si son piedras, las amontoño). The transitoriness of worldly joy, a vestige of Spanish *senequismo*, emerges from "When it is dearest to us, then is it lost" (Es bien, cuando es más

querido, más pronto se ve perdido). For "wearing the heart on the sleeve" one might say *El bien gozado o el mal sufrido, siempre en la cara, nunca escondido*. And "the one who suffers much is consoled with (even) a little good" (El que mucho mal padece, con poco bien se consuela). We should be fortified against adversity, for "Bad news travels on wings, while good news scarcely creeps along" (Las noticias malas tienen alas; las buenas andan apenas). "If there's no remedy, don't try to remedy it" (Lo que no tiene remedio, remediarlo es imposible) is a homely manner of expressing resignation. Furthermore, "No evil can last 100 years" (No hay mal que cien años dure...) "...nor is there a sick person who can endure it that long" (...ni enfermo que lo aguante). One who gains his living from hard toil must be resigned to simple joys and sorrows: *Quien vive de sus costuras tiene dichas y amarguras*. "Don't worry, so that you'll last longer" (No te apures para que dures). If, as *Sancho Panza* said, "Sorrows with bread (to eat) are easier to take... then... with money, they aren't even sorrows," according to the discerning humor in one Mexican saying (Si los duelos con pan son menos, con dinero no son duelos). In any case, it is best to keep your sorrows to yourself: *Si quieres que otro se ría, cuenta tus penas, María*. But if you must whine, "Tell your sorrows to the one who can do something about them" (Cuéntale tus penas a quien te las pueda remediar). After all, the most painful experience may be for the best: "The comb that scratches the most is the best for removing dandruff" (El peine que más raspa es el mejor para quitar la caspa).

Religion and anti-clericalism in proverbs:

Every language has its version of "man proposes, God disposes." In Mexico the saying goes *El hombre propone y Dios dispone* or *El hombre hace y Dios deshace*. Anti-clerical overtones are heard in *Con los curas y los gatos, pocos tratos*, and in *Mujer que con curas trata, poco amor y mucha reata*. "For the priest's maid there is no hell" (Para las criadas del cura no hay infierno) has its cynical suggestion. Also, "Avoid dealings with three types: monk, woman, and the military man" (Para negociar, de tres cosas escapar: fraile, mujer y militar). In similar veins are "Neither dog, thief, nor monk close the door they open" (Perro, ladrón y fraile no cierran la puerta que abren) and *¿Queretano camotero?—falso, hipócrita y frailerito*.

Paremiological revolt

Anti-clerical proverbs might be termed "paremiological revolt" against one form of authority: the clergy. There are occasions when certain sentiments are not openly expressed by the common people; these underground sentiments tend to take proverbial form, in which case there is no personal involvement. An individual clears himself from guilt or fear of sanction by prefacing his remark with "There is an old saying..."

"There's little difference between the rich man and the jackass" (Entre rico y borrico el trecho es muy chico) is a kind of revolt against the authority of wealth. In some contexts the following two proverbs take cracks at wealth, or at the sudden unexplained acquisition of worldly goods: "He went to bed poor and woke up rich—how come?" (Quien pobre anocheció y rico amaneció, ¿de dónde lo cogió?)

Continued on page 55



CONSTRUCTION 01.

By Eduardo Rangel.

The Sustained Vitality of Mexican Art

By Guillermo Rivas

THE GROUP exhibit currently offered by the Galeria Arte Moderno, which includes the newer works by eighteen outstanding Mexican painters, serves as a most impressive evidence of the sustained vitality and the widening scope of individual expression in the field of our contemporary art. This exhibit forcefully reiterates our previous conclusion that while our newer art, at least in its aesthetic form, remains true to the Modern Mexican tradition and preserves certain unmistakable national characteristics, which in a general sense lend it a homogeneous aspect, it is tending further away from mutual emulation and constrictive standardization, and is, in other words, undergoing a healthy expansion and growth.

The paintings reproduced in these pages, the works of seven artists who take part in this group exhibit, were chosen mainly because each respectively defines a specific and quite individual expression within the contemporary trend.

While "Green and Red Flight" by Cordelia Urueta has the outward aspect of an abstraction, in its essence it is a graphic transcription of a dream. And as such it is steeped in deep imagery and voiced in evocative lyricism.

F. Rodriguez Caracalla, whose paintings are always outstanding for their vibrant palette, stylized design and compositional rhythm and harmony, achieves a fine example of his very personal art in "Maguay."

The still life "Jarrillas" by Jorge Martinez is distinguished for its highly expressive and beautiful design and its meticulous craftsmanship. Through the

achievement of a life of its own, this painting, moreover, defines the highest realization of the aesthetic goal implicit in the term still life.

The reputation of Hector Xavier has hitherto rested entirely on his superlative linear drawings. "The Woman in Red" is the first painting by this artist we have seen thus far, and it impresses us as a highly unusual piece of work. One is surprised to find that color and not line is the dominant element in this painting, that its singularity and merit are mainly derived from a sonorous arrangement of pigments, from a harmonious fusion of reds, yellows and ochres into a mellow texture that suggests a patina of age. As to its subtly significant theme, perhaps "Groping" would be a more amply descriptive title.

"Feast" by Guillermo Meza, depicting a vulture pecking at the head of a cadaver fastened to the limbs of a tree, contributes a grim note to the varied ensemble of this exposition. A delineator of tragic images, Guillermo Meza achieves in this canvas one of his most strikingly dramatic utterances.

"The Last Balloon" by D. Hernandez Xochitotzin, like practically all of this painter's work, exploits a typical folk-scene. Glowing in color and opulent in detail, this painting has a peculiar charm which stems from a retablo-like naiveté both in its form and content.

The powerful expression defined by Eduardo Rangel's "Construction" clearly surpasses the limitations of genre painting. The figure of the brick-mason, beyond its dynamic realism, serves as a symbol of present-day Mexico in the throes of construction.

MAGUEY. Oil.

By Francisco Rodriguez Caracalla.

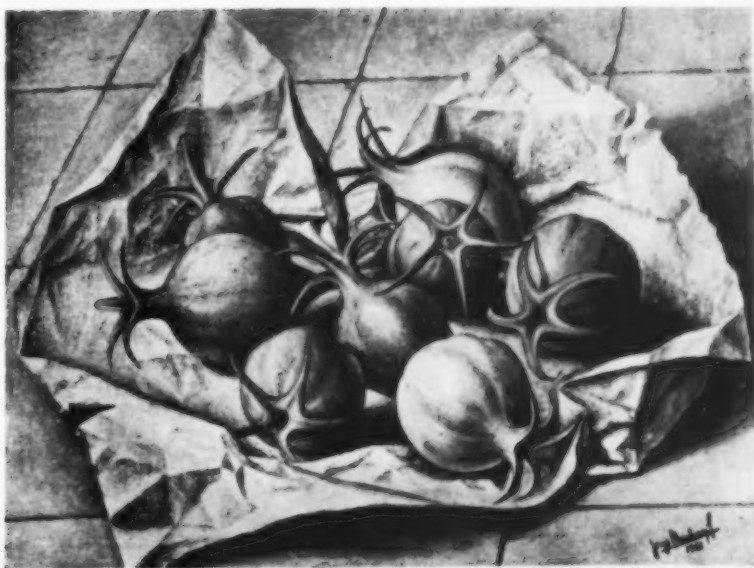


FEAST. Oil.

By Guillermo Moss.

JARRILLAS. Oil.

By Jorge Martinez.





THE LAST BALLON. Oil.

By D. Hernandez Xochitotzin.



WOMAN IN RED. Oil.

By Hector Xavier.



FLIGHT IN RED AND GREEN. Oil.

By Cordelia Urzeta.

Un Poco de Todo

URBS ANTIQUA FUIT

A FRIKIYA, the Arabic name for Tunisia, recalls the fact that this small feverish French protectorate was the original Roman Africa which gave a name to a continent. Here was Carthage, already an ancient city, Virgil says, when Aeneas arrived, fleeing the wrath of the Greeks and the fires of Troy. The Romans conquered it, destroyed it and rebuilt it. The Vandals held it briefly and lost it to the Eastern Romans. When the Arabs moved in seven hundred years after its rebirth Carthage was the second city in the Roman Empire. The Arab leader, furious at the city's resistance, wiped it off the map. Carthage disappeared from history, Spanish troops of Emperor Charles V found a few huts there in the early sixteen century and promptly destroyed them. Tourists now wander over the site and see only the excavations of the archaeologists and a museum of antiquities.

The French, who are now having their troubles with the Arabs of Tunisia, had much more serious troubles with the Arab conquerors of ancient Carthage. The Arab tide swept on across Africa, gaining strength from the Berbers, who joined up to overrun Spain. After Spain, Gaul was invaded. Here, we used to be told, one man, Charles Martel (Charles the Hammer), Mayor of the Palace of the do-nothing kings of the Franks, turned back the Arabs at a great battle fought between Tours and Poitiers in 732 A. D. It was one of the favorite "critical battles" of the world.

For many years the story of this battle has been read in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon, who never missed a chance to shock British complacency, went on to speculate on what history might have been if Charles had not stopped the Arabs at the Loire. The Arab host had advanced about a thousand miles from Gibraltar to Tours; if they had won the battle, Gibbon says, there was nothing to prevent them from advancing another thousand miles, which would have brought them to Poland on the East and to the Scottish border in Britain. Then a Moslem England, with an Arab fleet anchored in the Thames! The crowning blow was Gibbon's picture of Islamic scholars preaching to faithful Moslems from the pulpits of Oxford University.

A story as simple as Gibbon's could never be expected to stand up against modern criticism. Charles Martel defeated a great Arab army between Tours and Poitiers, but Gaul the modern account runs, was saved from the fate of Spain by other means, chiefly the revolt of the Berbers against their Arab overlords and the fact that the Goths held on to a corner of Spain below the Pyrenees and threatened the flank of the Arabs operating in Aquitaine. The Arabs had reached the limits of their westward sweep. A few years after the battle of Tours, Charlemagne, grandson of Charles Martel, was leading his Franks across the Pyrenees and fixing his protective march on the Ebro. The incursion of the Arabs left no permanent mark on France, but Charlemagne's campaigns in Spain gave French literature its *Chansons de Geste* and its earliest masterpiece in the "Song of Roland."

On the map the Moslem world of 752 does not differ greatly from the Moslem world of 1952. Spain has returned to the West but the Moslem world still extends across Africa and Asia from the Atlantic to the Indus and beyond. The place of the old Byzantine Empire has been taken by Turkey, a Moslem country

which has broken with the past. Failure of the Arabs to take Constantinople after repeated efforts was vastly more important than their failure to annex Gaul.

Fall of Constantinople to the Arabs would have radically and disastrously changed the course of history. As it was, the Byzantine Empire was destined to carry on its civilizing mission for some seven centuries longer and when it fell before the Turks the Arab world fell with it. Arab civilization has not recovered from the blow. It has remained a backward and stunted civilization. Toynbee, the modern Gibbon who traces the decline and fall of civilizations, suspends judgment on the Arabs—whether they represent a disintegrating civilization or are only Turkish conquest. In any case, the dream of Pan-Islamism has long since vanished. The Arab states which so recently won their independence have shown no great ability to direct their political nationalism into safe and stable channels. One commentator on the Arab scene says that the Arab is a good soldier but a poor general. Arab failures seem to be failures of leadership—from the days of the fighting caliphs to Nahas Pasha of Egypt.

REVIVING LOMBROSO

In the last century Cesare Lombroso, an Italian criminologist and physician, created a sensation by presenting anthropological measurements which seemed to indicate that the average criminal is set apart by well-defined physical and psychological traits. Probably the theory owed its temporary popularity to the widely held conviction that every burglar and murderer looks like a Cruikshank picture of Bill Sykes and that the mark of Cain is on every crook.

Though he is not especially interested in the criminal type, Dr. Earnest A. Hooton, Harvard anthropologist, has done something to revive Lombroso's outmoded theory. Under an Army contract he "typed" some 45,000 American soldiers who played their part in World War II, found that men of certain body type are best fitted for particular tasks and so confirmed the popular belief that there is a "banker type" "an artist type" of man.

With the collaboration of Frederick Stagg, research fellow in anthropology, Dr. Hooton studied several thousand body-measurement photographs of men who had been graduated from Harvard between 1876 and 1912 and matched the life experiences of 2,631 with build. Out of this comparison came these conclusions:

Government officials in the group were usually lean, with poor muscles.

Scientists were more muscular but also lean.

Theology attracted the lean and slightly built, but the "fighting parson" type was in the minority.

The forefathers of descendants of European origin came usually from Southern Europe rather than Northern Europe.

Descendants of early American colonists were likely to be more muscular than those with British and British-American parents.

A scale devised in 1940 by William R. Sheldon, now director of the Constitutional Clinic of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, serves as the basis of the Hooton-Stagg study, which is still incomplete. It classifies the fat content (fleshiness), muscularity and body density according to a system of points running from one to seven. Four

Continued on page 64

Literary Appraisals

45 CONTEMPORARY MEXICAN ARTISTS: A Twentieth-Century Renaissance. By Virginia Stewart. Illustrated. 167 pp. Stanford, Calif. Stanford University Press.

THE renaissance of Mexican art that occurred after 1910 revolution is a fascinating subject, for Mexican artists broke away from the European tradition and cast back for their inspiration to the work of their Aztec and other tribal ancestors. Virginia Stewart, an American art historian, has spent the past five years assembling the story and the material for her "45 Contemporary Mexican Artists."

The organization is deft: Miss Stewart gives a short informal account of each artist, stresses the events that influenced careers, and prefaces these with arresting and often dramatic photographs (in addition to her talent as an art writer, she is equally evocative with her camera). Miss Stewart has included reproduction of the artists' work and comments on them.

The direction of the post-revolutionary artist was to root his art in the soil, and to communicate with the people. Jose Guadalupe Posada proved in his crude but vital line-cuts illustrating the corridos and calaveras—penny broadsheet verses sung and sold to the peons by wandering cancioneros—how drawings could deal with the day to day life of the poor. In the years that followed his arrival on the scene, his example inspired some of the younger artists to follow in his footsteps.

Although others, like Adolfo Best-Maugard, became increasingly interested in the art of the pre-Hispanic Indian, it remained for Diego Rivera and Jose Clemente Orozco to climax the movement embracing the native tradition. Their work obviously shows the monolithic influence of Aztec sculpture: colossal in scale, the work was often gross and carnal and dealt with the impassive long-suffering, inscrutable Indian; in its free use of color, its explosive force, its cruelty and bloody tragedy, it suggests the macabre drawings of Goya.

* * *

These qualities have appeared in many of the murals the Mexican Government commissioned for public buildings. Done in a time of vindictive passions born of the revolution, they are fierce and impetuous political documents. The politics is often unfortunate and works against Mexico's best interests; these art "messages" continue to stir up class hatreds, teach Marxian theories, attack traditional beliefs, and sow hatred. It is unfortunate at this time when Mexico needs the collaboration of all her people, and a sane, cooperative attitude toward the United States.

Nevertheless, these murals are important as documents in the history of Mexican art. Rivera and Orozco played a vital part in liberating the art of their country from the bonds of classical European tradition. Yet their very fame has a tendency to enslave many of the younger Mexicans who followed them to become little Riveras and little Orozcos. What is sorely needed is a new brand of liberator to free Mexican art and restore the balance between the tradition of European art, which is theirs through their Spanish ancestors, and the Indian heritage they today alone emphasize.

Some hope of this liberation is to be seen in "45 Contemporary Mexican Artists." The book gives an intelligent panorama of post-revolutionary art and should enormously increase the pleasure and profit of anyone intending to see the museums here or across the border, that have collections of Mexican paintings.

E. L. I.

HERITAGE OF CONQUEST: The Ethnology of Middle America. By Sol Tax and Others. 312 pp. Glencoe, Ill. The Free Press.

IN September, 1949, the Viking Fund (the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research) gathered together in New York City thirty-one scholars from Mexico, Guatemala, Puerto Rico, Germany and the United States. These men and women had been working, many of them for ten or twenty years, among various peoples of Mexico and Central America. But for the most part they knew each other's work only through the printed word.

Now they sat down for a week and talked. No "papers" were presented. Field notes and other documentation were not at hand. They exchanged the kind of information and of impression which is slow to get printed and which indeed often never gets printed, for the world of scholarship is a cautious one which metes out severe punishments to those of its members who publish generalizations which are honest but not sufficiently supported by the rituals of pedantry.

This book represents the conclusions tentatively reached at the conference and later threshed out in correspondence. This exceedingly interesting area is defined in a paper by Paul Kirchhoff. In nine admirably compact pages Robert Redfield and Sol Tax set forth the general characteristics of contemporary society in this part of the world.

* * *

There follows a series of excellent chapters on various aspects of culture: economy and technology, ethnic and communal relations; social organization; the supernatural world; medicine; religious and political organization; and the life cycle. John Gillin's chapter on typical personality traits of these populations material that is almost completely new and exciting and which will be of almost as much interest to the perceptive traveler in these regions as to the specialist.

The remaining chapters are diverse. Ralph Beals, from broad experience and sustained thought upon this topic, provides a splendid vignette of culture change, content and process. Gertrude Kurath has written, with particular reference to Mexico, a brief but meaty treatment of fiestas and ceremonial dances and the various types of blends and changes that have occurred in these. This information in brilliantly condensed and generalized form is not elsewhere available, to the best of this reviewer's knowledge.

Finally, there are three summary chapters on 400 years of European influence and contacts between the various native peoples in the area; sharply pointed contrasts between the sixteenth and twentieth centuries; an over-all review and synthesis. Throughout attention is given not only to Indian groups but also to the ladino elements.

* * *

While "Heritage of Conquest" is full of detail and certain portions are admittedly technical, it nevertheless has much to offer the lay reader as well as the professional. Excluding the bibliography and the useful map, there are less than three hundred pages of text. These summarize and synthesize knowledge from hundreds of monographs, learned papers and unpublished notes.

All in all this constitutes an invaluable vade mecum for the traveler in, say, Mexico or Guatemala who has any intellectual interests at all. It is both authoritative and mercifully brief. Those who have historical leanings will find excellent background material; those who are curious about ritual dances can turn to Kurath's chapter; the psychologically inclined not only get a systematic treatment from Gillin but also many other diverse and intriguing facts and clues scattered throughout the text.

C. K.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE: From Roman Times to the Present Day. By Gerald Brenan 496 pp. New York: Cambridge University Press.

ENGLISHMEN like Spain. From the early nineteenth century—the time of the Napoleonic Wars—their curiosity about Spanish music, literature, painting and customs has been growing. We have always viewed with respect what English writers or professors say about Spain. I recall reading "The Bible in

Spain" by George Borrow at the same time that I was studying Spanish literature in Fitzmaurice-Kelly's famous text that had been adopted by the University of Madrid. The English liking for synopsis made a good manual of this book, preferable to the profuse studies by Spanish authors of that time.

Some months ago I read Gerald Brenan's book, "The Spanish Labyrinth," a keen analysis of Spanish political problems, and now I have just read some five hundred pages by the same author: "The Literature of the Spanish People." This is a very complete informative summary of Spanish literature from the Hispano-Roman times of Martial and Seneca until today.

As exposition it is interesting and useful, aside from an occasional unimportant error, such as his calling a secondary figure in "La Celestina" Parmenio (for Pármeno) and, when speaking of the arte mayor in poetry, forgetting the survival of those meters in popular forms like the seguriya. Further observations could be made concerning accuracy of detail or the wealth of secondary data, but the most ambitious students of Cambridge will be able to refer to Menéndez Pelayo, Guillén de Castro or Menéndez Pidal, if it is necessary. Especially noteworthy is the part referring to Roman Spain and to the Arabic period, so neglected by other authors.

It is with the interpretative part—which, judging from the preface, the author seems to consider of

HOTEL PARIS MANSION
BEST LOCATION REASONABLE RATES
PARIS 27, PASAJE REGIL
Opposite Hotel Reforma.
Tels.: 10-19-35, 36-26-34, 36-26-35

ATTRACTIVE HANDBAGS FACTORY

Best Assortment
in America.
Guaranteed
Quality.

Creaciones



AV. INSURGENTES 316
Mexico, D. F.
ADELA R. DE POLGAR, Mgr.

Jewelry and Silver Factory

Amsterdam, S.A. 
Where fine jewels come from.

Madero 12

Tel. 21-34-62

Mexico, D. F.

BEAUTY INSTITUTE



Specialty of Facial Massage. Rejuvenation treatment for the Neck and Hands. Reducing Massages with Most Modern Methods.

INSTITUTO DE BELLEZA
Tabasco & Merida, Mexico, D. F.



Those in the know—ask for

OLD CROW

Reg. U. S. A.
No. 17393 "A"
Prop. B-16

86 Proof. Kentucky Straight Whiskey. Bourbon or Rye
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.



FROM OLDEN TIMES...

"Cana al Aire" PIZA 1902

MANOLO RESTAURANT BAR



The Rendezvous for Tourists
and the Capital's Smart Set.

International Cuisine in personal charge
of the Famous Chef PRIMITIVO.

LOPEZ No. 1
Just off Avenida Juarez
Tels.: 13-32-72 - 35-98-63

greater importance—that I do not always agree. What he says about "La Celestina" is insufficient, and some of the comparisons with other English and European works are inappropriate. His long dissertation on Góngora—forty pages—does not clear up the poetical fact of the "Soledades." It is also true that Dámaso Alonso in his six hundred pages does not cast any more light on it either. Through the academic tune of parallelism, antithesis, hyperbaton, alliteration Góngora remains obscure and unexplained. As obscure and unexplained, perhaps, as he wished to be.

As for contemporary authors Brenan's interpretation arouses some objections. What he says about Valle Inclán is excusable only if Brenan does not know Spanish well enough to read that difficult author in his original editions. Valle-Inclán is the least translated author because he presents, maybe, insuperable difficulties.

On the critical side there is a certain puristic diletantism which makes him compare Auziás March and Baudelaire, and frequently proposes Joyce as the touchstone for the most unlike authors. He links "Finnegans Wake" and "La Celestina," Góngora, and other works and authors. Nevertheless, Brenan has the attitude of warm fervor and responsibility on the whole. This is important because what happens to sextons with regard to religion is likely to happen to professors concerning literature. Sextons, by virtue of dusting off the images, come to feel that they are on familiar terms with divinity without having the least idea about theology.

However, Brenan, even though he may point to the theatre of Lope de Vega as the poetic antecedent



Watch us make our own
**SILVER and GOLD
JEWELRY**
in special designs.
**STERLING SILVER
FACTORY**

Government Stamp (0.925)

Wholesale and Retail.

F. A. M. A.

Revilagigedo 2

Upstairs, 1st. floor.
Across from Hotel del Prado.



The best in ALLIGATOR!

BUY DIRECTLY
FROM THE
FACTORY AT
FACTORY PRICES



PRADO BAGS
JUAREZ 66 REVILLAGIGEDO 2

Coel-Art. S.A.

Revilagigedo 2 - First Floor
East side of Hotel del Prado
Tel. 18-23-82

**HAND-PAINTED
and
HAND-BLOCKED
FABRICS**

Guaranteed fast colors
Exclusive Designs.
Wholesale and Retail.

Ready to Wear Dresses, Skirts, Blouses,
Scarves, Shirts, Beach-Wear.
— Established since 1940 —



of Valle-Inclán's, gives the impression that he does know theology and has not lost respect for the saints. Whether the rite he devotes to them is adequate or not is another question that will probably give the connoisseurs of Spanish literature at Cambridge and Oxford matter for discussion and debate.

R. S.

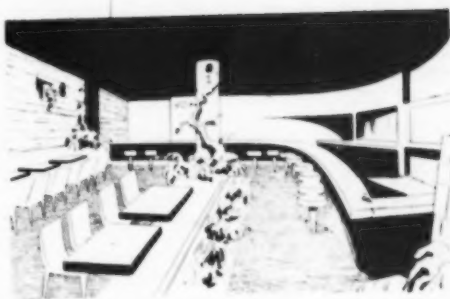
THE GREAT DAYS OF PIRACY IN THE WEST INDIES.

By George Woodbury. 232 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.

PIRACY was a recognized profession before the Christian Era. The Aegean Sea of the classical world was a nest of pirates. Moslem freebooters made the Mediterranean their sea. Scandinavians ranged the coast of Western Europe. It was not until Spain found a pot of gold in the Americas, thereby exciting the envy of France, England and Holland, that piracy reached its great days. The West Indies became the cockpit of fighting fleets, legitimate and illegitimate; the Spanish plate ships were fair prey.

George Woodbury, who is remembered as the author of "John Goffe's Mill," introduces us to both buccaneers and pirates, for the breeds differed. Buccaneers, French and British, operated against Spanish ships and settlements and eventually attained legal standing as naval auxiliaries. Pirates took on all comers. Their black flag knew no friends.

Indentured servants, sailors fed up with brutality on shipboard, and jaibirds from Europe went "on the account" and filled the ranás of the pirate brotherhood. Their ships were small, fast and handy; they sailed rings round clumsy merchantmen. If hard pressed, they found refuge in some hidden harbor. Pirates



Opening Next May

COFFEE SHOP AND SODA FOUNTAIN



CIGARETTES • CANDIES • FILMS DEVELOPMENT • NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

HOTEL IMPERIAL COLÓN

Av. Madero 95, Méx., D. F.



*High Quality
and
Distinction*

JEWELRY

Rubio
SA

AVE. MADERO 36

MEXICO, D. F.

Acapulco.

IN JUST

60

MINUTES
from the Cap

AERONAVES DE MEXICO S.A.

AV. JUAREZ 80

TEL. 10-41-12

MEXICO, D. F.

For your Holiday in
Mexico visit
HOTEL DE LAS AMERICAS
Acapulco



Wonderful Food and Service.
World's Finest Fishing.
Olympic Salt Water Swimming Pool.
"LA BOCANA"
is the most romantic spot in Acapulco...
Dance on and underneath the stars...



For information or
Reservations see
your local Travel
Agent or LOBBY
HOTEL DEL
PRADO

Tel. 10-01-04
Mexico, D. F.

had a rigid code—election of captain by crew, fair division of spoils, according to rank; compensation for injured men, and so on. A remarkable pirate settlement was the "republic" founded by Henry Jennings on New Providence in the Bahamas. Woodes Rogers, a forgotten hero and empire builder, broke the "republic's" power and early in the eighteenth century piracy went into decline.

In fiction pirates make their victims walk the plank and also bury their treasure. Woodbury puts all this in the realm of fable. Pirates, however, did maroon backsliders, putting them ashore on a desert island with a sea biscuit, a bottle of water, a pistol, powder and one ball. As for burying treasure, they usually spent it in roistering.

W. B. H.

THE ROYAL ROAD: Father Serra and the California Missions. By Ann Roos. Illustrated by George Etewar. 243 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

E L CAMINO REAL, the King's Highway or the royal road, was formed by the plodding feet of the Franciscan padres who sought and gradually selected the best route between their southernmost mission in San Diego and the one in San Francisco. Today their one-time trail has become a main California highway. A chain of missions, lovingly restored, after nearly complete disintegration, dots the royal road now, memorials to the work of Junipero Serra and his Franciscan brothers.

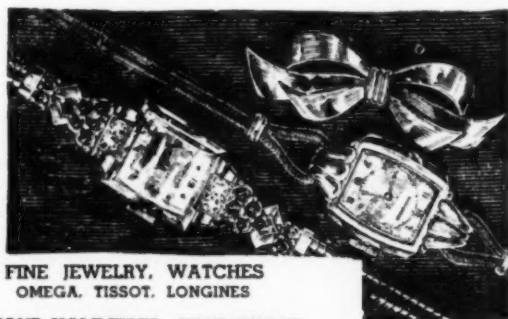
In this fictionalized biography Miss Roos has drawn well the personalities of Father Serra and the other missionary priests—Palou, Crespi, Lasuen—as well as the great explorers, Portolá and Anza, and the able viceroy, Bucareli. Set against an authentic background of early California, her story of these hard-working, courageous, often heroic men is lively, inspiring, and sometimes thrilling.

G. C. C.

CAFE RESTAURANT PAstry SHOP VICTORIA

Delicious Viennese Food and Pastry
Homelike Surroundings.

PLAZA POPOCATEPETL (Col. Hipodromo)
2 blocks from Hotel Roosevelt
Tel. 14-55-40 Mexico, D. F.



FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES
OMEGA, TISSOT, LONGINES

HAND-HAMMERED SILVERWARE
LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.
E. G. ACOSTA & HIJO

Av. Fco. I. Madero No. 43.

Mexico, D. F.

Current Attractions

SYMPHONY

By Vane C. Dalton

THE seventh program of the season offered by the National Symphony Orchestra at the Palacio de Bellas Artes, conducted by Igor Stravinsky, provided a brilliant finale for this brief though highly eventful series of concerts. The illustrious composer, who is undoubtedly the outstanding musical personality of our time, conducted a program consisting entirely of his own works. All of these were from his better-known ballet compositions, which are, of course, his finest and most important creations.

Indeed, if we review the work of this master, we perceive that ballet has served as the source of his greatest inspiration, that his music had been primarily created as the basis for a final and complete expression which is realized by a fusion with the dance. And yet the true excellence of his music is defined in the fact that it can be fully appreciated by itself, purely as music, detached from the scenic spectacle for which it was basically composed. One might even say that its rich narrative quality—at least for those of us who have seen his ballets performed on the stage—evokes through sheer hearing clear images of the beautiful spectacle.

The program opened with the suite "Puleinella," developed upon the themes and melodies of Pergolesi. To be frankly outspoken, this was the least successful number on the program. While I found the music interesting, it left me cold. And that seemed to be the general reaction of the audience. "Puleinella" is not, in my opinion, a successful composition because Pergolesi and Stravinsky do not form a successful combination. I am, in fact, inclined to believe that it is an aesthetic error to treat—or one might even say maltreat—in this manner a heritage bequeathed to us by a fine 18th century composer. I am not quite sure as to whether Stravinsky has in this instance merely spoiled the work of Pergolesi or whether, contrariwise, Pergolesi has spoiled the work of Stravinsky; but I am quite sure that the combination somehow just

doesn't come off. Added to this, the orchestra, probably failing to comprehend or appreciate the work, or probably due to insufficient rehearsing or to Stravinsky's limitations as conductor (I have, as a matter of fact, always believed that Stravinsky as conductor does not, by a long margin, match the composer), performed rather poorly. To be sure, if this extremely difficult suite could be rendered convincing, it would be only through an exceptionally fine rendition. But what we were given was deplorably blurred.

Both the conductor and orchestra showed great improvement in the following number, "Game of Cards," ballet in three "hands," which was magnificently presented. While Stravinsky probably lacks the attributes of a great conductor, the tempi and the dynamic concept he adapted for this rendition seemed to be the elements that precisely expressed the essential character of the work. Its themes, indeed, are not very original; in certain passages one detects in the sequence what seem to be echoes of the overture from "The Barber of Seville," fragments reminiscent of Weber and other composers; but in spite of this the work achieves magnificence through its superb orchestration and its splendid rhythms and harmonies. The orchestra responded with fervor and intelligence to the composer's direction and gave us a truly outstanding performance.



Restaurant - Soda Fountain

"CONDESA"

Exquisite International Cuisine

COMMERCIAL LUNCH

Condesa & 5 de Mayo

Tel. 21-30-56

Mexico, D. F.

OYSTERS

Fresh from the sea to your table!

BUY THEM AT ANY ONE OF THESE MODERN OYSTER SHOPS

"VILLA DEL MAR"—In front of the Telegraph Offices,

"PLAYA AZUL"—López No. 39

"LAS PALMAS"—Línea 40 - in front of Salubridad

"NAUTLA"—1st. Callejón of 5 de Mayo—in front of Edificio Roxo

"MAZATLAN"—Donceles No. 27

"LA PLAYA"—Soto No. 12

*The Best on
the Market!*

"VERACRUZ"—Bolívar No. 135-2

"BAHIA DE GUAYMAS"—Av. Chapultepec 249

PORTFOLIO of 17 ENGRAVINGS

by the Mexican Master

JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO

etchings, dry points, aquatints,
covering the period from 1935 to 1944.

With an introduction by the critic
JUSTINO FERNANDEZ

(Limited to seventy-five numbered copies)

For additional information, address:

Sra. MARGARITA OROZCO

IGNACIO MARISCAL 132

MEXICO, D. F.

HAND-BLOWN GLASS

In beautiful designs and
matchless colors.

*Visit the oldest Glass
Factory in Mexico.*

**Francisco y Camilo Avalos
S. de R. L.**

Carretones No. 5 Mexico, D. F.
Tel. 36-36-07

"CASA SILVA M."

Beautifully Designed
VENETIAN MIRRORS
Ornamented and in
Color.

CANDELABRA
of prismatic crystal, and
bronze, or entirely of
crystal.

We replate or make covers
for your furniture.

LONDRES 156 - MEXICO, D. F.



A similar excellence marked the execution of "Scenes of Ballet," though on the whole this work is definitely inferior to the preceding number. It was, however, with the "Suite from Petrouchka"—regarded by many as Stravinsky's greatest work—that the orchestra's performance reached the peak of enthusiasm. We were offered a new orchestration of this composition, probably more compact than the original, though in some way seeming less spontaneous and fresh.

If the orchestra did not achieve a consistently successful performance in the final program of the season, the penultimate one, conducted by Carlos Chávez, in my opinion came very near to defining the utmost in quality. It is true that the program, comprising such classical favorites as Verdi's prelude from "La Traviata," followed by Beethoven's Seventh and Tchaikowsky's Fourth symphonies, enjoyed the primary advantage of popular appeal, while the orchestra, aided by long previous experience in the performance of these works, was ideally prepared for its task.

And yet it would be hardly fair to attribute the brilliant success of this concert solely to these factors. I have heard Beethoven's Seventh and Tchaikowsky's Fourth on countless occasions, interpreted by many different conductors, but I doubt if I have ever heard a more satisfactory rendition of these two great compositions anywhere before. Chavez on this occasion seemed to be even better than at his best. The unison of purpose achieved in this concert by the director and his orchestra was truly remarkable while the interpretation of both works, as all of this director's interpretations, was distinguished by a rigid fealty to the composers' scripts.

And this, I believe, is where Chávez widely differs from many of his contemporaries. For it must be admitted that there are conductors for whom a given composition is nothing but a scheme of approximate values which may be freely utilized as an outlet for their own fantasy or whim. Regardless of the composer's indications and without the slightest scruple, these virtuosi of the podium convert master works of greatest composers into their own property. They of-



CUERNAVACA, S. A.

Carretones No. 3
(Next to the Glass Factory)
MEXICAN CURIOS

Splendid Assortment at
lowest prices.

Specialty of
TYPICAL NATIVE DRESSES

"Casa Rolande"

Original Models

Modistes. Tailored Suits.

Cocktail and Evening Gowns.

Extensive assortment
of Beach Wear.

*We anticipate your visit
in our elegant salons at*

Paseo de la Reforma No. 105

Telephone: 10-38-79

fer us proudly "their own" Fiftths, Ninths, Pastorals or Pathetiques," precipitating or slowing down the tempi at will, changing a piano into a forte, or vice-versa, to thereby create the effect of deep temperament and daring originality. Arbitrarily they disarticulate the formal cohesion of a symphony, disdaining the organic structure of the work, the logical development as it was conceived by its composer, in order to impress the public with their devastating personality.

In contrast with this spectacular type of conductor, Carlos Chávez represents the type of which Toscanini is the foremost embodiment. That is to say, a conductor who regardless of his personal opinion considers a given composer's script inviolable. In the attitude of an humble and responsible servant to music, regarding his position as conductor as one of utmost trust, Carlos Chavez gives the foremost place to the work he interprets. He believes that one must begin by realizing the fixed values of a musical text before venturing to "interpret." And this attitude is beyond doubt the surest and directest way to successful rendition. For a respectful regard for the composer's indications has its obvious rewards. Long-familiar compositions, at his command, regain and renew their original genius. When he conducts, he serves to the utmost the original purpose of the composer.

It is to this unswerving devotion and creative faithfulness that Chávez owes his brilliant success as interpreter. His versions define the drama, the power, the lyrical exuberance of a Beethoven or a Tchaikovsky, realized through the drama, the power and the lyrical exuberance of his own temperament. He never superimposes his own emotions or reactions over those which are contained and reflected in the work. The dramatic depth, the subtlety and splendor he achieves in his interpretations stem from this very faithfulness.

Lady Baltimore



RESTAURANT and GRILL

FAMED FOR ITS
FINE CUISINE
AND
EXCELLENT SERVICE

MADERO No. 5

MEXICO, D. F.

OPEN FROM 8 A.M. TO 1 A.M.

MOMENT
SUPRÊME



the best Paris has to offer

100% IMPORTED
FROM FRANCE

Reg. No 8720-T.S.S.A. Prop. No 12851

JEAN PATOU
PARIS

Modelos Robert

Fine Ladies
Tailoring.



Exclusive
Models

of the Best

English Materials

Bolívar No. 21.

Office 109

(at the corner of Madero)

Tel. 18-33-45
México, D. F.

Designed by Modelos Robert

Art and Personal Notes

GALERIA DE ARTE MEXICANO (Calle de Milán No. 18) is currently presenting an unusually interesting exhibition of sculpture and painting by Matthias Goeritz. The sculptures, thirty in all, are mostly in wood, while the paintings are in oil and gouache. Goeritz, a refugee from Nazi Germany, lived in France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and North Africa, before he came to Mexico in 1948 to make his home in Guadalajara.

AS IN former years, the local daily "Excelsior" is sponsoring its annual Fiesta de la Flor art exhibition, in connection with the Spring Festival. The exhibition will be offered the Museum of Flora and Fauna in Chapultepec Park, from May the 3rd to 13th.


All painters residing in Mexico, regardless of styles or tendencies, may participate in this show. Each artist may present two paintings, either in oil, tempera or water color, based on floral themes. The paintings will be received from the 14th to the 22nd of April in the offices of the above Museum. Selection is to be made by a jury composed of Susana Gamboa, Ines Amor and Margarita T. de Ponce.

GALERIA Arte Moderno (Plaza Santos Degollado 16 C) is celebrating its third anniversary with a group exhibit of paintings by the following artists: Ignacio Aguirre, Raul Anguiano, F. Castro Pacheco, Jorge Chavez, J. Gonzalez Camarena, J. Guerrero Galván, D. Hernández Xochitlotzin, Jorge Martinez, Guillermo Meza, Alfonso Michel, Gustavo Montoya, Mariano Paredes, Eduardo Rangel, J. Reyes Meza, F. Rodriguez Carnealla, Juan Soriano, Cordelia Urueta, and Hector Xavier.

SIXTEEN abstract paintings in pyroxylin by José Gutiérrez comprise the month's exhibit at the Salon de la Plástica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 154).

ALLIGATOR Handbag Factory

AVE JUAREZ No 20 Office 13. TEL 10 13 59 MEXICO, D.F. **FACTORY PRICES**

 **LARGE ASSORTMENT OF ALLIGATOR CALFSKIN - PIGSKIN**

COME WITHOUT GUIDE YOU WILL SAVE 10%

ROOMS TO LET

If you are planning a visit to Mexico, I have one room that you can have for \$3.00 dollars a day including board. Private house, hot water, telephone, located right in the heart of the city. Write for reservation to F. Jáuregui.

Victoria 92 - 8.

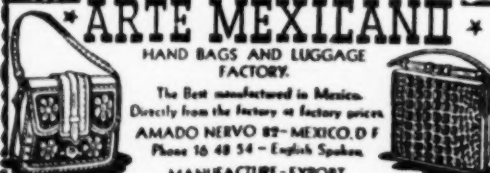
México, D. F.

ARTE MEXILANI

HAND BAGS AND LUGGAGE FACTORY.

The Best manufactured in Mexico. Directly from the factory at factory prices.

AMADO NERVO 82-MEXICO, D.F.
Phone 16 48 54 - English Spoken

 **MANUFACTURE - EXPORT**

PLATERIA AZTECA S.A.



ALFONSO HERRERA 13.
MEXICO, D. F. TEL. 16-14-59
Exquisite craftsmanship
Beautiful designs
All pieces hall-marked
Reasonable prices

Museo Nacional de Artes e Industrias Populares

POPULAR ART PRODUCTS ON SALE

A non-profit institution devoted to the conservation and rehabilitation of popular native arts and crafts.

AVE. JUAREZ 44

MEXICO, D. F.

Tel. 21 - 66 - 79

AN EXHIBITION of pastel paintings by Carl Hermann, whose home is in Denver, Colorado, is being presented at this time by the Mexican-North American Cultural Institute (Calle de Yucatán No. 63). This show includes earlier work of the artist as well as a number of paintings he has done in Mexico.

A QUITE interesting collection of photographs by Federico Espinosa, depicting mountain landscapes, may be seen during this month at the Círculo de Bellas Artes (Avenida Juárez No. 58).

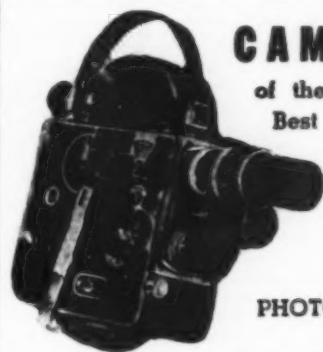
PRIOR to his departure for Europe, Raúl Anguiano is disposing of a large collection of his works, including paintings in oil, gouache, water color and tempera, prints and drawings, in a voluminous show offered from the 10th to the 20th of this month at the Galería Arte Mexicano (Calle de Milan No. 18).

PAINTINGS by contemporary Haitian artists are being shown during the course of this month at the Galería Reger (Calle de Lisboa No. 60).

WORKS by distinguished Mexican and Spanish artists make up the collective exhibition currently held in the Pabellón de la Flor of the Chapultepec Park.

A VERY impressive group of sculptures by Cefirino Colinas is on exhibit during this month in the second-floor mezzanine of the Palacio de Bellas Artes.

When dealing with advertisers, please mention
"MEXICAN LIFE"



CAMERAS

of the World's
Best Makes.

PHOTO SUPPLIES

American, German, English
and Italian Film.

Authorized Distributors
for ANSCO Products.

24 Hour service in developing
and printing.

Experts in Color Film.

LA CAMARA, S. A.

GANTE 3-B

Mexico, D. F.

Curtis Gin



Barrow-boy's Dream!

Before Apsley House could be built, Lord Apsley had to buy out the proprietor of an apple stall situated on the site at Hyde Park Corner. That was in 1785, when Curtis Gin had already been distilled in London for 16 years.



Those who **KNOW . . .**

know Curtis Gin

GIN AT ITS OLD-TIME BEST Distilled and bottled in London since 1769 THE CURTIS DISTILLERY CO. LTD., LONDON, E. 1

EXPORT CONCESSIONAIRES: CROSSE & BLACKWELL LTD., 20 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W. 1

P. 197/52.

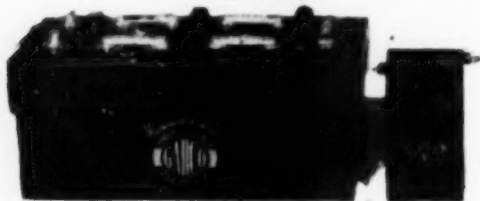
Agents in Mexico: CIA. MERCANTIL CAMPBELL, S. A.
Imported by LA PUERTA DEL SOL, S. A.

Reg. S.S.A. 36194-"A".

GARCO BATTERIES ARE BETTER



Last Longer Under The Most Adverse Circumstances. Specially Built For the Topographical And Climatological Conditions of the Country.



We use Exclusively "HYDROSET" Lead Oxides, Genuine Hard Rubber Containers, Glass Separator Mats, and Microporous Rubber Separators.

It is not Possible to Buy Better Batteries at Any Price. Our Prices are Reasonable

The GARCO Battery Line is the Most Complete. All Types and Sizes for All Uses—from the Small Motorcycle Battery to the Medium Size for Automobiles, Buses and Trucks of all makes, including the Powerful Diesel and Marine Types for Heavy Trucks, Stationary Plants, Aeroplane Starting, Boats, etc.

Manufacturers and Distributors
PRODUCTOS GARCO
 Obrero Mundial 595, Col. Alamos, Mexico, D. F.

Maria Barbara

RESTAURANT and SODA FOUNTAIN

Tiber 57
 3 kms. North of Statue of Independence
 Branches at
 Hamburg 45.
 Tlalpan 45.
 State of Mexico

You will find the Most Beautiful
HAND-PAINTED FABRICS
 and
LACE BLOUSES and SKIRTS
 at
CASA ALDAVE

Jose Maria Izazaga 8Hotel Virreyes Bldg.

Patterns of an Old City

Continued from page 16

They had not always actually remained together after their exploring journeys to Mexico and other places. Through his years at prep school and college there had been intervening periods of separation; but such periods only served to bind them faster, to render them more completely inseparable.

The partial independence he achieved with maturity pertained only to his work, to a creative task which in itself refuted his purpose; for it did not define an authentic experience of life but a simulation of it. He wrote fiction contrived from experience of others, which did not surge from his own inner being, which did not involve a vital personal experience. He produced literal fiction which merely echoed the reality of life.

Aided by sound craftsmanship acquired through years of painstaking effort, and by a superficial knowledge of different parts of the world, his writing had a savour of cosmopolitan sophistication. He got his start with a few stories in slick magazines and eventually settled along a fairly stable routine in Hollywood. And although he could never achieve a satisfactory script of his own, he was the type of writer which in Hollywood enjoys an ample demand as collaborator, as an aide to more able writers, as a man who can do a part of a job, who can improve its beginning or end, or insert some lacking minutiae, but who can never do a complete job by himself. He formed part of that small army of literary toilers who do their bits along the complicated assembly-lines wherefrom emerge the finished scripts.

At the beginning he felt deeply discontented with his restricted scope, for in Hollywood a man needs screen credits to get ahead, and such credits were impossible so long as he did only parts of the job. But with time, guarding his discontent, he came to understand that he was incapable of anything better. Hiding his deep frustration, he strove to rationally accept his limitations, for he perceived himself with a final painful lucidity: he perceived that he was naturally a half-job performer, that he could never accomplish

In MEXICO CITY...
ITS

HOTEL
VIRREYES

300 beautifully appointed rooms.
 Silver purified water throughout.
 Telephone and radio in every room.



Spacious Colonial Lobby.
 Roof Garden.
 American Cuisine.
 Personal Service.

...and IT COSTS LESS!

ISAAC ROMANO
 Manager.

S. JUAN DE LETRAN, Corn. J. M. IZAZAGA

Maya de México

EXOTIC
 ARCHAEOLOGICAL JEWELRY

MADERO 29
 (Across from Hotel Rita)

MEXICO, D. F.
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HAND-PAINTED FABRICS

SILKS & COTTONS
 BATHING SUITS.
 BLOUSES, TIES.
 SHIRTS, SKIRTS

a complete or definitive task, at his writing or anything else, for the simple reason that the life he lived comprised in itself only half of a normal being's life. He surmised that to strive against this insurmountable limitation was utterly useless, for he was indeed only half of a man.

He bore this knowledge as the greatest secret buried deep within the perpetual secrecy of his true existence, bore it concealed beneath the mask of professional amenity and cheer, beneath the outward aspect of ease and dignity vouchsafed by his nominal success. Living in a roomy and well-appointed apartment with Muvvy, Carson lent the impression of a person who had slight reason for discontent. His ability to conceal his tragic incompleteness was indeed his greatest success in life.

But if within the somewhat baroque and tolerant atmosphere of Hollywood his oddity was inconspicuous and in a practical sense implied no serious handicap, there was at least one person besides himself who understood his veritable plight, and guarding it as a secret of her own shared the pain of his hidden frustrations. Muvvy understood it as well as he did himself, and what made her hidden suffering even more acute was the comprehension, which became clearer and more certain as they both grew older, that in some way, unwittingly, she was to blame for his ruin.

Carson never suspected that his mother guarded this feeling of guilt, that under her apparently unfailing cheer she was burdened with such self-tormenting thoughts, and even after she had carried out her final mysterious act of retribution, while seeking amid his devastation, amid the shambles of his shattered world, the light of understanding, even while groping in his stark despair for some unspoken final message, he failed to perceive the true reason for her fatal act. She seemed to be in her perfectly normal good cheer when



LA REINA is the place in Mexico City

We offer to our many friends of the Anglo-American Colony the most extensive choice of the finest in native and imported meats, turkeys, geese, ducks and suckling pigs. And you will find no finer assortment anywhere of ham, bacon, salami, cheese, butter and preserves.

We cordially invite you to visit us, assured that we can please you.

We are open from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M. and deliver to any address.

Telephones: 24-51-21, 32-12-27

OUR BEST PERSONAL ATTENTION.

MODESTO MARTINEZ & BROTHERS

"LA REINA"
MEAT MARKET

RICARDO CASTRO & VERDL Col. Guadalupe Inn
Villa Obregón, D. F.



**BOVRIL
CHEERS!**

*It takes two and a half pounds of lean
beef to make a four-ounce bottle
of Bovril.*

Give yourself strength
with daily

BOVRIL

When there's a job to be done or a game to be played—a cup of Bovril is the very best of drinks. Its rich beefy flavour sends a welcome glow through you. There is nothing like Bovril to build you up and sustain you.

BOVRIL



RESTAURANT
El Casino
INTERNATIONAL COOKING

Corner of
OAXACA & SINALOA
 Telephone: 28-57-43

You DO enjoy good food!

... I know how to prepare it.

Alfred Snaedig

YOUR CHEF

... FROM MODEST LUNCHEONS TO
REGAL DINNERS

**"HOME COOKED" GERMAN and
 AMERICAN DISHES**

DRAFT BEER GOOD WINES

SEPARATE BANQUET ROOM

TURI-MEX, S.A.

Av. Juarez 18 Mexico, D. F.

Tel. 13-07-58

BAGGAGE, LEATHER GOODS, GIFTS

Specialty of Hand-Tooled or
ALLIGATOR BAGS
 ENGLISH SPOKEN



**Artists
 Attention!**

Winsor & Newton
 colors. Artists'
 Supplies.

HORR Y CHOPERENA, SUCS., S. A.
 Av. F. I. Madero 40

**AGENCIAS MARITIMAS DEL PACIFICO,
 S. A.**

STEAMSHIP AGENTS

Gante 4, Office 306, Mexico, D. F.

Eric. 12-99-44 - Mex. 35-50-71

BRANCHES AT:

Manzanillo, Sinaloa, Manzanillo, Col., Acapulco, Gro.,
 Guaymas, Son., Salina Cruz, Oax.

he left the city to be gone a few days with a company on location, and then there was the urgent call for his return, and the blunt intrusion of reporters and police, and the staggering sight of his Muvvy lying as if peacefully asleep in her bed, and the empty tube of opiate tablets as the only parting message.

He did not perceive the reason then, for he was beyond all perception; but in the ensuing days, amid his ceaseless anguish there was the feebly enlightening thought that her departure might have been impelled by an ultimate desire to relinquish the place she filled in his life, by a resolve to leave it vacant even at this tremendous price, so that eventually he might fill it entirely himself.

* * *

The fifth bull was now in the ring and the corrida was reaching its windup. Immersed in his thoughts, lost in his inescapable remembrances, Carson had been remiss of the procedure, glimpsing only occasional unarresting details, hardly aware of the periodical tumults, of the sweet-sad summons of the trumpet, of the martial blare of the band, of the big or little incidents that transpired in the corrida, and now he was aroused not by a thunderous roar but by a sudden strange hush that settled over the plaza.

It was not the hush of suspense or anticipation but of complete weariness, of an emotional depletion, boding frustration and despair. He realized that in some way things were not going well in the ring. The final corrida had been quite unsatisfactory from the outset, and now in its final tercio seemed to be degenerating into a ludicrous fiasco. It was one of those unhappy, untoward and inexplicable occurrences which, belying the common superstition that "the fifth bull is the best," at first confounded the public, then made it noisily restless and impatient, then demonstratively hostile toward the torero and the wretchedly unmanageable bull, and finally cast it into exasperation and mute disgust. The afternoon that had been replete

**"THE BEST PERFUMES
 TO SUIT YOUR PERSONALITY"**

Prepared to your taste with
 quality FRENCH OILS

INDUSTRIAL PERFUMERA

(Member of the American Chamber of Commerce)

Ave. Independencia No. 31

(Right across from American Club)

Tel. 13-84-75



Madeiran Bags
 Manufacturers & Exporters,
 Alligator Handbags

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

VERSALLES 50

Tel. 10-35-05

México, D. F.

V. TRAVER PRATS

Manager



with spectacular deed and clamorous triumph, had come to a deplorable finale. During the first minutes of strident resentment the crowd became divided into those who blamed the bull and those who blamed the fighter; but as the contest became more and more hopelessly bungled its partisanship was forgotten in common fury and final despair.

It was the case of a renowned and usually brilliant torrero confronted by sheer bad luck. All his skill and valor seemed unavailing before a bull that violated all the rules of normal procedure, that did precisely the opposite thing from what was expected of him, that refused to follow his bidding and respond in a natural way. The torrero seemed dismayed and vexed with the bull from the very beginning. He got off at a wrong start and in a dishearteningly awkward fashion managed to go through the tercios of cape and banderillas. It was in the final tercio with the muleta that his dismay turned into complete bewilderment. Seized in the grip of panic, he no longer appeared to know what he was doing, continuing a desperate struggle which seemed to be getting him nowhere.

And as Carson, aroused from his immersion, observed the lamentable show his apathy slowly yielded to sheer fascination. Now no detail escaped his attention. And as he looked on, gradually a strange feeling of unease and of pity possessed him, a sense of great anxiety and of profound commiseration, an overwhelming feeling of dread, which slowly expanded into veritable torment. Watching spellbound the bewildered torrero his compassion and anxiety turned into a weird feeling of intimate kinship. He sensed minutely inside himself the man's torment and distress. His mouth dry, his eyes fixed in a frozen stare, his nails digging into the palms of his hands, his armpits clammy with cold sweat, Carson watched the performance. When after a series of glaringly heedless and blundering passes with the muleta, the red cloth literally became a useless rag in the matador's hand, and the crowd suddenly broke out from its apathy of disgust in an uproar of fierce indignation, and the air resounded with wrathful jeering and insult while hurled seat-cushions showered thickly over the arena, Carson felt the lacerating pain of shame, offense and mortification as acutely as if he himself were the target.

But the torrero carried on. Moving like an automaton, fumbling, staggering as if in a trance, amid a scene that became a grotesque charade of gross mutiny and blunder, he yet went through the motions of striving to master the unruly beast, until finally, through

this excruciating ordeal he seemed to achieve the semblance of a pause. The bull's head was down and he stood panting, exhausted and apparently quelled. Beholding in this his first meager victory, the torrero, in his desperate need of vindication recklessly turned his back to the bull and in a gesture that was neither defiant nor friendly waved his arm to the public. But as he did this the bull suddenly came to life. He charged, and the fighter, pitched over the horns and hurled into a somersault, came down over the rump and heavily dropped on the ground.

There was a startled outcry in the tiers and a bustle of whirling capes in the arena to distract the beast from the prostrate fighter while he was being lifted to his feet and apparently helpless led out from the ring. But that did not end the sorry ordeal. Before reaching the burladero the matador suddenly recovered, brushed his assistants aside, and retrieving his muleta and sword again faced the bull. This time he immediately went in to kill. His aim, however, was faulty and the blade, striking a bone, fell to the ground. He picked it up and without attempting to halt the bull and place him in proper position tried again and missed, and to the shrill chorus of angry booing went on trying over and over again. No longer able to properly aim or thrust, hardly able to stand on his feet, he repeatedly lunged at the bull, failing each time, until at last, when the jeering merged into a single tremen-

CRABBIE



Scotch Whisky

BOTTLED AT ITS SOURCE
EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS

IMPORTADORA NECCHL S. A.

AYUNTAMIENTO 44 - 1

Reg. S.S.A. No. 20619 - Prop. B-1



Galeria RUBENS, S. A.

Has the honor to invite you to
the Exposition and Sale of Fine
European and Mexican
PAINTINGS.

Av. Francisco I. Madero No. 17
Patio of the Palacio.

CASA ROYAL

FINE LUGGAGE and LEATHER GOODS
BAGS, PURSES, BILFOLDS

THE SMOKERS' HEADQUARTERS
PIPES, CIGARS and CIGARETTES
of all best brands

Ave. Madero N° 23 - México, D. F.

Platería de la Lerna

Makers of Finest Hand-Hammered Silver.
Sterling 925 Quality.

See our craftsmen at work and buy
at factory prices.

Calle de Puebla 187, Corner Oaxaca

Tel. 14-32-11

México, D. F.

EL DRAGON DE ORO, S. A.

CHINESE ART GOODS

Close to your home wherever you live.

Two STORES:

Independencia and San Juan de Letran
Insurgentes 345

Notice to tourist
Drink
XX

A DIFFERENT BEER FROM
THE ONE YOU DRINK
AT HOME. THE ONLY
"KRAEUSEN" BEER IN
MEXICO AND REALLY
DIFFERENT FROM THE
OTHERS YOU HAVE BEEN
DRINKING.



TRY IT AND YOU WILL BE THE BEST JUDGE
CERVECERIA MOCTEZUMA, S. A.

REG. S. S. A. No. 4859 "A" Prop. B-12

dous howl, the spent and blood-drenched beast was dispatched with a dagger stroke between the horns by one of his assistants.

All through this dreadful ordeal Carson sensed the tormenting sensation of fatal unity with the torero. He felt as if he and the tortured man in the arena were one and the same person, as if in some dreadful grotesque way they had become fused into a single entity; and running like a stabbing sword through his anguish was the comprehension that the man could only do half of the job, that like himself he was only half of a man.

He did not have the strength to rise when it was over, and it was only when he realized that the ring was almost empty, that he was almost alone, that he got up from his seat and wiping his tear-stained face with a handkerchief made his groping way to an exit.

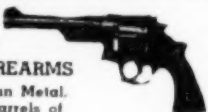
City of the Angels'...

Continued from page 22

At the far side of the patio are the huge vats of clay and the potters' whirling wheels. A melancholy-looking young Spaniard with long delicate fingers paused in his work of modeling a fruit bowl and deftly turned out a diminutive vase, a pitcher, and a mug. Nodding to each of us in turn, he indicated for whom they were intended. It was a customary courteous gesture and for the courtesy one left money at his elbow to augment the four pesos-eighty cents-daily wage he received for master craftsmanship.


We had seen enough of Puebla close up and were ready to drive to the forts crowning the summit of hills east of the city. We did not stop to see the twenty thousand old manuscripts at the library that claims to be third oldest in the continent. Nor did we pause

FIREARMS
GUARANTEED REPAIR
OF ALL TYPES OF FIREARMS
Refinishing in Nickel or Gun Metal.
Butts. Accessories. Pistol barrels of
all calibres.



We serve by C. O. D.
Regina 54-A Mexico, D. F. Tel. 21-26-20

You get Comfort and Elegance
in a
Guayabera "GENA"
Ideal for Sports or the Beach.
Finest styling, needlework and
fabrics. See them at
BUCARELI 36—a flight up, 3.
Tel. 13-66-74. Mexico, D. F.



MUSEUM
WAX FIGURES
IN FORMATION





REPUBLICA ARGENTINA 21-A. MEXICO, D. F.

PIRAMIDES
BRITSON, S. A.
Londres 132-B. - México, D. F.



Before buying we invite
you to visit our little
MEXICAN CURIO SHOP.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR DOG
DR. A. ALEXANDER - VETERINARY SURGEON
DOG FRACTITIONER



Hospital, Sanatorium and Pension for Dogs. Vaccination against Distemper
and Rabies. Modern equipment for Physiotherapy, Surface and Deep Diathermy.
Autoinduction. Electrocoagulation and Electrofulguration. Electric
Scalpel. Surgery. X-Rays.

AV. INSURGENTES No. 458 - TELS. 11-17-42 - 37-37-64

as we passed the great modern school, built in 1932, where a map of Mexico is spread out of doors in acres of colored tile, to stimulate interest in geography. We drove straight beyond the town up to the site where on the fifth of May in 1862 intrepid Mexicans repulsed the invading troops of Napoleon III and gave to the country a national holiday and to every town in the land a street name, Cinco de Mayo.

Under the five-o'clock sun the city lay like a Persian garden, with domes the polished yellow of squash flowers, and towers like white-and-green tuberose. Terracota roofs and lines of treetops were like turned earth and hedgerows. Patches of blue majolica were like beds of ageratum. Far in the distance behind the city, to the west, Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl shimmered like piled diamond dust in the brilliance of the sun. To the north rose the jagged slab of Malinzin, and to the east the climatic cone of Orizaba. All the volcanoes were in the clear, and all but one were luminous with snow. We had not considered Puebla deserving of its angelic appellation. But from this distance we felt differently. It must have been on such an afternoon and from this height that the churchmen decided that the newplanned town was worthy of being named for the angels.

SUMMER IN AJIJIC

Continued from page 20

The scent of the tuberose, less strong than that of the cultivated variety, breathed up at me from the packed, pinkwhite blossoms. I told the man to leave me a peso's worth.

"That won't be many," he said.

"What? Not for wild flowers?"

"See how dear everything has put itself."

I gave him two pesos and told him he had a nice occupation.

"I? I'm a charcoal burner. But I can't burn charcoal during the season of the waters, so I work my field and bring in little flowers of these. Do you like fungus? I know that foreigners like fungus, and in the morning early, as I go up the hill, I see much fun-

**Finest and Most Exclusive
Hand-Painted Skirts in Mexico.
Come and admire them!**

Mexico Bello

Biggest choice of hand-embroidered
Blouses. Exclusive models.
Huaraches.

Londres 136 - A
Next to Bar Mosca Azul

PEGGY PAGE SHOP

Londres 115 Opposite Hotel Geneve

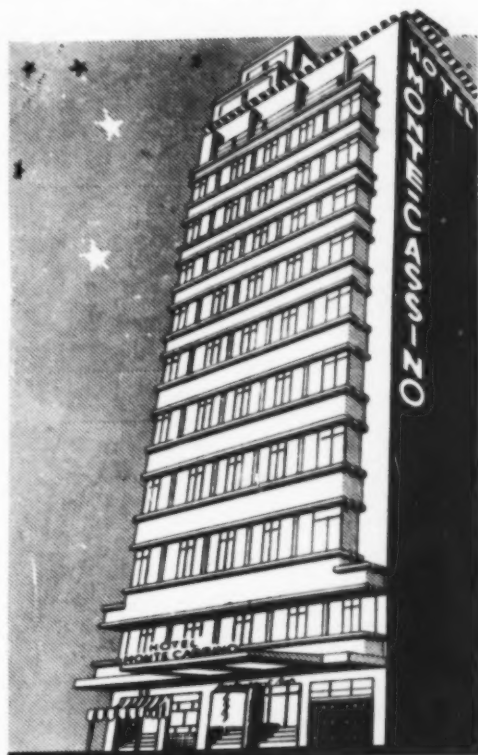
The finest workmanship of the
Mexican Craftsman in Silver,
Gold, Brass, Copper and Leather.

HOTEL Monte Cassino

GENOVA 56

MEXICO, 6. D. F.

Tel. 35 - 48 - 35



Mexico's Newest, Most Modern and in many respects Finest Hotel extends a cordial invitation to the traveling public, in the assurance of deserving its patronage by providing the utmost in comfort and service.

Single rooms with bath, or Suites with one, two or three bedrooms, living room and kitchen.
Air conditioned.

COCKTAIL LOUNGE, RESTAURANT
featuring a choice international cuisine

GARAGE

Close to the center, yet away from congestion and noise, Hotel Monte Cassino offers unexcelled accommodations for gracious living.

MAKING YOUR HOME AT MONTE CASSINO
WILL GREATLY ADD TO THE ENJOYMENT OF
YOUR VISIT IN MEXICO CITY.

Francisco Gutierrez Prieto

Hotel
America
Marsella 28
TELS. 11-42-81 - 35-88-92

42 Rooms
Baths

Swiss Management
Small but Refined

JOYERIA ESTAPÉ S. A.
featuring the famed SWISS WATCHES
PATEK PHILIPPE
OMEGA, MOVADO, TISSOT
and the finest in JEWELRY and SILVER
ground floor **HOTEL DEL PRADO**

YOU ARE WELCOME TO VISIT **PERFUMERIA ANGELA**

FINEST FRENCH PERFUMES
5 de MAYO 29 "H"
Mexico, D. F.



MAKE SHOPPING A PLEASURE AT THE EXICAN FAIRYLAND HANDICRAFTS

MALINCHE
ADERO 57 interior



TALABARTERIA
W. G. Robinson
Av. Independencia No. 46 México, D. F.

Bench made Belts to order, with finest quality imported hides.

Riding, Jumping and Polo Saddlery.

For your shoes and boots England's finest polish "CHERRY BLOSSOM"
Dog requisites an especialty



gus. I could take my little boy and send funguses down to you."

I said I liked funguses very much and would buy them daily, for here the mushroom season is very short and you must take advantage of it.

"Without fail you shall have many funguses tomorrow, and the tuberoses I deliver now."

I hadn't seen a single dahlia, except one perched on an almost inaccessible slope, and I was feeling lazy. I strolled up a little way, round a bend and along a level stretch of path that led to the old mine, started, they say, thirty years ago by Cornishmen, who also first piped down the drinking water to Ajijic. It is quite an elaborate honeycomb of galleries and produces more silver than gold. Every now and again somebody starts working it, but they never seem to be able to make it pay. Actually there is gold everywhere around here, in the earth, the rocks, the sand, the lake water, and there have been many unprofitable attempts to extract it. But one old Indio in the village makes a small but steady profit washing for gold by hand. I had heard that now a new optimist was working the mine. He was sitting in the entrance, a big bull-necked man with a merry eye, eating a papaya and reading an Agatha Christie in Spanish. He said good afternoon and offered me a slice of papaya skewered on the blade of his hunting knife. I asked if he were enjoying his book.

"It doesn't draw attention," he said, shrugging. "I prefer this."

From his coat pocket he produced a small volume. It was the "Conde Lucanor" by the Infante Don Juan Manuel, a fourteenth-century Spanish classic. There are no fixed rules, I thought, looking at his rough ap-

MITLA BAGS, S. A.
LEATHER GOODS FACTORY
Finest Craftsmanship.
We specialize in
HAND-TOOLED LEATHER
Buy direct from manufacturer at factory prices.
Madrid No. 14 Behind Hotel Reforma Mexico, D. F.




B. Restaurant Rellinghausen
The only Restaurant in Mexico specializing in German, Spanish and Mexican Cuisine.
Londres 95 México, D. F.
Tel. 14-10-70 - 35-75-61

"TAXCO HERMOSO"
V. Carranza 105 México, D. F.
J. ROSARIO VALDEZ L.

HUARACHES

Enormous assortment of all types, for men, women and children. From manufacturer to consumer at lowest fixed price.



FINE LEATHER GOODS — Belts, Purses, Mexican Curios. It will pay you to pay

pearance and listening as he talked about Juan Manuel and Santillana and the Archbishop of Hita.

I finished my papaya and told him what Candelaria had said about bandits.

"Bandits? Of course there aren't any bandits," he said. "You know, in the days of the Cristeros I lost some cattle in the hills near my home. Nobody would go to look for them. They were afraid of meeting the Cristeros. So I went myself. I met the Cristeros all right, and they helped me round up the cattle."

He opened his mouth onto a wide flash of gold teeth and roared with laughter.

"And how are you doing here?" I asked.

"Regular," he said. "Not well or badly. And it's a nice place to be."

He waved a papaya rind over the vast view, from the twin white towers of Tizapán to the twinkle of villages that rim the lake's western end. With the other hand he was rolling a corn-leaf cigarette.

"And I found these."

He pointed to a ledge of rock on which stood a row of pre-Conquest idols, none of them remarkable but several in good condition. I asked if he would sell them.

"How not," he said and we had a little polite bargaining.

"I will let you have all but this green one for ten pesos."

"All right. But that is the one I like best."

"That I give you," he said, and with one big puff consumed half his flimsy cigarette.

I told him I had come out looking for dahlias.

"And instead of a plant, you have some little images."

"And a slice of papaya and a page of Juan Manuel."

He flashed the gold teeth again.

"And I have ten pesos and an agreeable visit," he said. "Whatever one looks for, one finds something else. Isn't it always so?"

I said good-by, and he picked up his book. I walked slowly back the way I had come, not bothering to look for dahlias any more. Clippety-clop came the

THE NEW SPECTACULAR

HOTEL CALETA

awaits your pleasure in ACAPULCO . . .

A Hotel specifically planned for distinguished guests who appreciate the refined comforts and conveniences available.



only 50 yards away from popular CALETA beaches.

- 180 Luxurious spacious guest rooms.
- 180 Bathrooms, exquisitely appointed.
- 180 Telephones.



• Hot and cold running water.

• Our delectable "Cuisine", positively a "Gourmets" delight.



- "Sunset Hour" magnificent Cocktail Lounge.
- Private dock.
- Parking space.

AN OUTSTANDING NEW TRADITION IN GRACIOUS MEXICAN HOSPITALITY.

For Information and Reservations:
United States and Canadian Representatives:
Wm. P. Waife Organization or your friendly travel agent.
Mexico City Office Balderrás 36 Phone 21-80-98



Car's Radio Service

Gomez Farias No. 16

Tel. 10-35-32 México, D. F.

RADIOS FOR AUTOS

Specialized Service in American Lubricating Oils and Accessories

When you Travel . . .

MAKE YOUR TRAVEL
ARRANGEMENTS WITH

RAMIREZ SIGHTSEEING TOURS & TRAVEL BUREAU

(Agencia de Viajes Ramirez)

Av. Juárez No. 20, 1st. Floor

Tels.:

35-52-73 & 21-33-89

Mexico, D. F.

Founded in 1935


POSADA GIPONIMO LOPEZ

Colonial Architecture.
Air Conditioned.

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL IN MEXICO
A Gem of Spanish Architecture with the comforts of today.
Isabel la Católica 7, Mexico, D. F.
Mrs. Andreina C. Thorpe, Mgr. Tel.: 21-49-07, 26-48-78



La Nacional
Cia. Inmobiliaria y Constructora, S. A.
Construction, Enlargement or Modernization
of your Home, or any other building. Purchase
or Sale of Houses. Mortgage loans on long or
short terms.
GANTE No. 15—Office 216, Mexico, D. F.



**CHOOSE YOUR BAGS at
MODELOS EXCLUSIVOS,**
S. de R. L.
Factory of Bags and Leather Articles.
Extensive Assortment at Lowest
Prices.
Av. Juarez No. 36 - Mexico, D. F.



FOR GOOD FOOD THERE IS
NO PLACE LIKE
RESTAURANT - BAR
"EL ESCORIAL"
Now at San Juan de Letran 21
Breakfast, luncheon, sandwiches
and dinner.
Personally attended by
BERNARDINO DE LA FUENTE

INVALUABLE FOR YOUR
REFERENCE LIBRARY

BACK NUMBERS OF

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

Complete annual sets.
Handsomely bound in
maroon fabricoid covers

30.00 pesos in Mexico; 6 dollars
in U. S. A., Post prepaid

MEXICAN LIFE

Uruguay, 3 Mexico City

train of burros and the two Indios returning to the mine for another load of ore. The path ran down into the shadows of the mangoes round the spring called the Eye of Water, and there I met Chui, who is both a milkman and a haircutter.

"You have visitors," he told me.

Merced the mason was sitting on the sidewalk at the corner of the plaza.

"There have arrived at your house many people," he said. "A big family."

It was Tibureia the wisewoman next. She had a basketful of washing on her head, and over her amber-apricot face spread the smile that had entangled many a man.

"Good afternoon, lad," she said, for, though certainly younger than I am, she always calls me lad. "They're asking for you at your house."

Two blocks from my fate Chui's uncle, Venustiano, who is my good friend, was sitting in his doorway, glancing disdainfully at the newspaper, in which he has little faith.

"They say there is a pack of foreigners in your patio. Almost better the bandits all the fools are talking about."

Suddenly little Trini, Aurora's daughter, came running, her face for once tolerably clean, and stammered, "Says Mamma, to tell you that Tesifonte brought a mountain of tuberoses and the Señor of the Oven has arrived."

Schoolteachers

Continued from page 12

At just about the time that student Bernardo Sevilla met, in the normal school in Mexico City, the co-ed he was to marry, Mexico was contributing a bomber squadron to the war. The country was so proud of its fighting men that it heaped them with honors on their triumphal return. Anything they wanted was theirs for the asking.



Suede Garments Factory
Wholesale & Retail

JACKETS
COATS
VESTS
WINDBREAKERS
HATS
HAND BAGS
Alligator Goods

Magda

Revillagigedo 2, Upstairs 2
Around corner of Hotel del Prado
Tel. 21-57-09 Mexico City



SEE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CHARRO HAT!

Who doesn't know NACHO'S doesn't know Mexico.

DELICIOUS NATIVE FOOD

Select Variety every Night.

WIMPY'S NACHO'S

Corn. of Alvaro Obregon & Oaxaca
Tel. 28-91-51

One of them, Angel Gocanegra, asked for a school for his native town. He was rewarded with a school such as no other comparable town can boast—a school modern, functional, and spacious, built around a playing field. Named Squadron 201, it was inaugurated in 1945 in the presence of the national Cabinet.

"Yes, we are all new here," says Bernardo Sevilla. "The school, its thirteen teachers, its eight hundred pupils—and, in a sense, the Tepoztecos themselves. They are as if reborn."

"The children come because their parents wish it. The mothers have formed neighborhood committees. There is a mothers' meeting on the first Monday of each month. They discuss hygiene and nutrition—imagine, here in Tepoztlán! You see, children are raised on corn and chili. Many undernourished. We are demanding school breakfasts from the Minister of Health."

Señora Sevilla, having started a group of boys on a game of volley ball, rejoined us. "They are so quiet—too quiet for children," she said, and her expressive eyes were sad. "They are slow to learn, too. Some of course, do not easily understand their teachers, coming from homes where only the Indian dialect is spoken. Others are physically retarded through inbreeding as well as malnutrition. But all want to learn. And all the dons want to become professional men—doctors, lawyers, teachers..."

"The 'dons?'" I asked.

She laughed. "Here all males are respectfully titled 'don,' even the dogs."

Life is not easy for the Sevillas. Their school is modern, but their home lacks all the conveniences so vital to the twentieth-century family. Tepoztlán doesn't even have telephone or telegraph service. But a mailbag arrives from Cuernavaca once a day.

Like all Mexican rural schoolteachers, the Sevillas bring to their work a sense of high mission, of almost

Meet
Scotland's
favorite
son



JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

The drink of fashion the world over

Distributors for the Mexican Republic

PEDRAGES Y CIA. SUCS. S. de R. L.

Dr. J. M. Vertiz N° 301-B.

Mexico, D. F.

Reg. S.S.A. N° 2888 "A"

Prop. 1043/50



RHIN 29 México, D. F. NEWTON 256

Tels. 11-14-21 — 10-09-20

"Medal Beauty Hairdresser"
SPECIALIST IN PERMANENT WAVE

Manuel Garcia Medal Sergio Garcia Medal

Dr. Mora No. 9, West side of Alameda

Tel. 12-29-52

Branch at

Magnolia 137, Corn. Zarco, Tel 26-91-45

ever see a room **GROW?**

In this home the room grows and contracts according to your needs—thanks to Modernfold, the "movable wall"! To enjoy the privacy of two small rooms, simply bring these accordion-like doors together. When the large room is needed, fold these fabric-covered, metal-framed doors to the wall. If you wish to enjoy larger closets, kitchens, bedrooms, bathrooms, etc., use smaller Modernfolds to replace conventional swinging doors. For beautiful Modernfold saves the space that ordinary closures waste. For full details, see us today.



home fittings de méxico, s. a.

LAGO GINEBRA 63, MEXICO 17, D. F.

Tel. 38-13-93

PAINTING PLASTERING DECORATION



**STRESSING THE HIGHEST IN QUALITY
AND THE LOWEST IN PRICE.**

If you are building or renovating your home,
store or office building, and would like a truly first class job in
plastering, painting and decoration, we are prepared to do it.

We employ an expert personnel and highest quality materials. All our work carries a strict guarantee of complete satisfaction. No job is too big or too small for us, and if you will ask for our estimate you will find that our prices are lower than the usual.

It will pay you to see us before you close your contract.

"DECORACION MODERNA"
PAINTING, PLASTER WORK and DECORATION

Marcelo No. 19, Colonia del Valle, México, D. F.

Tel. 23 - 42 - 12

MEXICO 1, D. F.

religious dedication which is still the prerequisite of the rural teacher. Because of the primitive conditions in hundreds of hinterland towns and villages, he must be above all material considerations. He may fall in love with his work and his village, but he must be prepared, like a good soldier, to move on to a new post at a call from the Ministry of Education.

Bernardo Sevilla and his wife are the practical idealists their job demands. They see themselves as guides and mentors of a people undergoing revolutionary change.

"The Indian temple, the Spanish church, and now—the school!" says Bernardo Sevilla, and there is no doubt which of the three is the greatest in his mind.

Where long-established values and customs are swept away, a people may become rootless, embittered, degenerate.

What is happening to the Tepoztecos only another Redfield could discover.

Is it better that this should happen, or that they should have been left in peace? Here is a problem for philosophers.

Bernardo Sevilla and his wife have no time to be plagued by such questions. To them the children who sit in the big classrooms are stray waifs to be gathered into the fold of the great Mexican family. "To teach here," says Señora Sevilla, "is like making the dawn.

MEXICAN PROVERBS

Continued from page 29

and "The sexton sells wax without wherewith to make it—how so?" (Sacristán que vende cera y no tiene cerería, ¿de dónde la sacaría?).

Superstition and fatalism

Superstitions are embedded in "Spiders on the ground, clouds will appear in the sky" (Cuando veas arañas en el suelo, habrá nubes en el cielo); "You can't struggle against destiny; what is going to happen will happen" (Luchar contra el destino no se

ORNARE
Silver Factory
LOW PRICES

STERLING SILVER

OF THE FINEST
WORKMANSHIP

JEWELRY, TEA SETS, SILVERWARE

Insurgentes No. 324-B

Half a block from Sears

If it is Leather Peter has it!

Specialty of Shoes made to
order. American lasts.
Smartest Models.

Peter

AVE. INSURGENTES 320



WE ARE SPECIALISTS
in washing, dry-cleaning or dyeing of
RUGS, CARPETS and CURTAINS.
We clean Furniture without removing upholstery.
All our work is guaranteed.

TINTORERIA BELGA, S. A.

Reg. 8234
Tels.: 14-16-37 and 37-23-70

Av. Insurgentes 299

Mexico, D. F.

EL MILLONCITO

Bolivar 20. Apdo. Postal 8493

Tels.:

18-45-79, 18-45-82 & 38-06-44

Exclusive Distributors for the Mexican Republic of the finest and most costly cigarettes in the world:

ABDULLA

THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES!
Most choice Turkish and Egyptian tobaccos.

Especially for the Ladies:
TINS OF 50 CIGARETTES with GOLD TIPS

Exclusive Distributors of the most
Famous of Habana Cigars:

H. UPMANN
HAVANA

OF HABANA, CUBA
produced in all shapes and sizes, mild or
strong, perfect for gifts

You may choose them also at any
of our branches:

"Tabaqueria Campoamor"

Bolivar 38

Tels.: 21-92-58, 36-07-67 & 35-99-47

"Tabaqueria Fina"

Av. Juarez 83. Next to Hotel Regis
Tel. 21-17-25

"Tabaqueria Princesa"

San Juan de Letran 50. Next to Cine Princesa

"Lonja Tabaquera"

5 de Mayo 57. Entrance to Restaurant Cifuentes
Tels.: 21-82-60 & 36-45-13

MEXICO, D. F.

**CALL FOR THEM AT FIRST-CLASS
TABACCO SHOPS, RESTAURANTS,
HOTELS or NIGHT CLUBS.**

We are open Sundays and holidays.
For mail Orders, address:

EL MILLONCITO

BOLIVAR N° 20. - MEXICO 1, D. F.

APARTADO POSTAL No. 8493



MEXICO, D. F.

"CROSS ROADS OF THE AMERICAS"

RESTAURANT - SODA FOUNTAIN
HAND HAMMERED SILVER
MEXICAN SILVER JEWELRY
PERFUMES - MEXICAN CURIOS
DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
CAMERAS - FILMS - DEVELOPING
CANDIES AND CRYSTALWARE
LADIES' AND MEN'S WEAR

SANBORN'S

Av. Madero No. 4

México City

MODERN PALM-WEAVE FURNITURE

in Mahogany or Pine

for Value- and Quality-Conscious People
Come and see what a difference
a few pesos can make.

You will be agreeably surprised.
We pack and ship.

MUEBLES AUSTIN'S

Avenida Juárez 105-A (Near Caballito Statue)

puede lo que ha de suceder siempre sucede). "Mole on mouth, sign of insanity" (Lunar en la boca, señal de loca). "One cannot predict the mysteries of the future" (No es posible predecir misterios del porvenir) may be interpreted as pro or anti-superstition.

The Indian:

It is not surprising that proverbs draw a fairly favorable portrait of the Mexican Indians, since rural elements (Indians and some mestizos) use proverbs more frequently than do urban people. The Indian is hardier and will outlive the Spaniard: "When the Indian gets gray hair, the Spaniard's no longer" (Cuando el indio encaneca, el español no parece). Indian courage is contrasted with Spanish cowardice in "If he's an Indian, he's already dead; if he's a Spaniard, he's fled" (Si es indio, ya se murió; si es español, ya corrió). An involved proverbial manner of saying that half-breeds, when educated, tend to deny their Indian background is Mestizo educado, indio renegado. Incidentally, "Today's Spaniards are tomorrow's Mexicans" (Los españoles de hoy son los mexicanos de mañana).

Advice and strategies for living:

Although one Mexican proverb warns "only but-tinskys give unsought advice" (Los consejos no pedidos, los dan los entremetidos), many frequently do give expressed or implied counsel. In automobile accidents, the driver who hits must pay, whether it's his fault or not, according to El que pega paga. If one gets himself into a jam or lio, then let him get out the best he can (El que por su gusto se lastima, que no gima or Quien por su gusto se enreda, que se salga como pueda). Likewise, one should not put up a howl if he suffers for foolish acts: "He who loans his wife for dancing, or his horse for bullfights cannot complain" (El que presta a la mujer para bailar o el caballo para torear, no tiene qué reclamar). Don't loan or borrow money or get yourself involved as a fiador:



Exclusive Models
in fine
SILVER WARE
and
LEATHER GOODS

Paseo de la Reforma 121 Corn. Paris
(Pasaje Regil)
Opposite from Hotel Reforma. Tel. 10-19-35



how to win at CANASTA

The rules of the exciting game, are found in the handsome booklet in colors, "How to Play Uruguayan Canasta." Ask for it with each bottle of delicious

OLD SUNNY BROOK

OLD SUNNY BROOK Whiskey.



Reg. U. S. A. No. 21565-P-592 50

dor, serás pagador; Lo fiado es pariente de lo dado; Si quieres vivir sin cuidado, no pidas nunca prestado. Speaking of financial arrangements, "Music paid for (in advance) sounds sour" (Música pagada hace mal son) embodies healthy skepticism regarding labor settled for in advance. More of the same kind of advice is found in "Just let the man who would know horses' values sell his own and try to buy someone else's" (Quien quiera saber el valor de los potros, que venda los suyos y compre los de otros). Commercial competition is obliquely lamented in "A tamale woman hates to see another established right in front of her" (Una tamalera siente que otra se le ponga enfrente).

On punctuality, the advice is "Better arrive hours early than minutes late" (Más vale llegar horas antes que minutos después). Don't harp on the obvious: "You needn't show the road to one who has already travelled it" (No hay que enseñarle el camino a quien ya lo tiene andado). Gratitude is the theme of "Be thankful for a pretended kindness as though it were sincere" (Se agradece lo fingido como si fuera de veras) and "Like the thirteenth apostle who eats and vanishes" (Como el apóstol trece, que come y desaparece). Discretion is the focal point of "Don't be like the parrot who says what he knows but doesn't know what he says" (No seas como el perico que dice lo que sabe pero no sabe lo que dice). Applying literally and figuratively to the exercise of caution is "Go with care against a bull that has already fought" (Con toro que ya han toreado vete con mucho cuidado).

Other homespun threads of wisdom, neatly entwined in a choice fabric of words, are contained in countless imaginative folk sentences like "Running horse needs no spurs" (Caballo que corre no necesita espuelas or . . . que vuela no quiere espuela), "Each man scratches himself with his own fingernails" (Cada quien se rascas con sus uñas) that is, depend upon yourself for what is best to do, "When the dog swallows the bone, he has great confidence in his throat" (Cuando el perro se traga el hueso, es que tiene confianza en su pescuezo). Scandal discovered is never ended" (Chisme averiguado jamás es acabado), "Where there isn't smoke, there isn't fire" (Donde



Nuevo Leon 38, Col. Hipodromo
Tel. 14-37-34 Mexico, D. F.

HAND-TOOLED LEATHER

Billfolds, Bags, Purses, Portfolios
HAND-EMBROIDERED BLOUSES

Finest Quality, Lowest Price.



GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Fire, Robbery, Plate Glass, Travel Accident, Property Damage, Workmen's Compensation, Automobile, Aviation Hull, Boiler Insurance, Marine & Inland Marine, General Public Liability.

SAN JUAN DE LETRAN N° 9

MEXICO, D. F.

Tels.: 18-27-62, 18-35-62, 36-28-63, 36-28-66



**AUTO - RADIO
and
LUXURY
ACCESSORIES
for
AUTOMOBILES**

Television

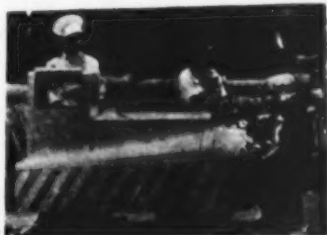
Repair of Home and Auto Radios.
Authorized Distributors of

Products of **GOOD YEAR**
OXO

AV. CHAPULTEPEC No. 148, Corn. MORELIA
Tel. 28-93-74 Mexico, D. F.

HAMBURGERS and HOT DOGS

Delicious—Wholesome



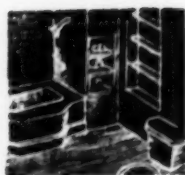
Prepared
with
Utmost
Cleanliness
Sold all
over the
city.

Look for one of these cars, and try them!
Super-Alimentos, S. A. de C. V.
Av. Chapultepec 409 Mexico, D. F.

THE FINEST QUALITY IN STERLING SILVER

Hand made Gold Bracelets, Watches and Fine
Jewelry, at the Lowest Prices in Town.

OTADUY
SILVER FACTORY
Av. Madero 27 Mexico City
Tel. 13-19-96



La Parisiën

AVE. ALFONSO 116. - TEL. 36-71-12-MEXICO, D. F.

**PLUMBING!
HEATING!**



IF PLANNING TO BUILD
YOUR HOME—CONSULT US.

La Parisiën

ALL PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING—DONE
EFFICIENTLY! EXPERTLY! RAPIDLY!

no hay humo no hay lumbre). "He who keeps saying good-bye doesn't want to leave" (El que mucho se despide, pocas ganas tiene de irse) are representative themes.

The "eat-drink-and be merry" motif is suggested in "That which is eaten and enjoyed is the only thing that profits us" (Lo comido y lo gozado es lo único aprovechado), for "by tomorrow you may be singing... or weeping" (Mañana a estas horas o cantas o lloras).

Proverbs cannot always be interpreted too literally or as being universally applicable. One has to know their contextual definition—who said them and under what circumstances? One cannot conclude that Mexicans entertain regional prejudices from "Folks of Zamora, loose-tongued and full of flax" (Pulgas y gente habladora de Zamora). Probably any Mexican would evaluate this as absurd, merely a forced word-rhyming of habladora (talkative) and Zamora (a town).

A striking proverbial version of "maybe so, maybe no" is "Aristotle said an ox flew; as it might be so, also it might be no" (Aristóteles dijo que un luey voló; como puede ser que sí, puede ser que no). A choice refrán carved on some Mexican knives is "When this serpent bites you there's no remedy in the drug store" (Cuando esta víbora te pica, no hay remedio en la botica). However, don't be illogical in shoving fear over death: "You're afraid of the shroud, yet you embrace the deceased" (Te asustas de la mortaja y te abrazas al difunto)—which of course has broader, more figurative applications.

The foregoing "short phrases..." reveal or suggest many Mexican attitudes and cultural patterns. No one will affirm that they are infallibly true. But it can be said that Mexicans have always enjoyed the flavor of countless refranes. A case in point is the proverb-spouting peasant-revolucionario Emiliano Zapata (portrayed in the currently popular movie, Viva Zapata! (Darryl F. Zanuck—John Steinbeck). He is a veritable Sancho Panza (without the fat), consider-

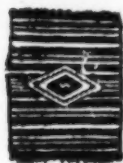


"El Cardenal"

SILVER FACTORY

We have what you want in Silver. Original designs in Tea Sets, Dishes, Centers, Pitchers. We offer you guaranteed work at factory price.

TAMAGNO 116, Colonia Peralvillo
México, D. F.



This is what you were looking for!
SARAPES, CARPETS, RUGS!
HAND-MADE LADIES' JACKETS,
PAINTED SKIRTS.
WE MAKE THEM IN OUR OWN FACTORY.
Visit us. Watch us working at the looms.
Get the lowest prices in town.

C. ACAR. P.

Tamagno & Zarazate 104
Col. Peralvillo, México 2, D. F.



Visit OLVERA'S Factory of Hand-made LEATHER GOODS

Tamagno St. No. 113
Colonia Peralvillo, México
Our reputation is built
on quality.

HOTEL REGIS

IN THE HEART OF MEXICO

300 Rooms
300 Baths

Singles \$ 3.00 Up
Doubles \$ 5.00 Up Ds.

(50 DE LUXE SUITES)

A City Within a Hotel

SERVICE IS OUR MOTTO

Av. Juárez 77 Mexico City

Visit ESTELA'S



JEWELRY and SILVER FACTORY

for finest merchandise
at lowest prices.

TAMAGNO & ZARAZATE Streets
Colonia Peralvillo, México, D. F.

Present this ad and get a 5% discount.



NACATAMAL

is the place where you can
enjoy the most delicious
Choice of

TYPICAL MEXICAN FOOD

Come Over!
OAXACA No. 41
Eric. 26-71-83

OFFERING

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
FINEST ENGLISH WOOLENS AND
UTMOST IN STYLE, QUALITY,
INDIVIDUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP




Kent
SMALL

UNDER THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF
MARIO CHAVEZ
CUSTOM TAILOR
FORMERLY OF 5th AVE. NEW YORK

ARCADE OF ALAMEDA THEATRE JUAREZ AVE. NR 34

FRAMES

MIRRORS - GIFTS - PICTURES
SCULPTURE - NOVELTIES

Oldest Specialists in the City

Morett
GALERIAS Y DECORACION S A

TWO STORES:

DONCELES 16
Behind Telegraph Office

XICOTENCATL 3
Across from Telegraph Office

ing the number of refranes he sprinkled into his speech (little gems like "Dress a she-monkey up in silk and she's still a monkey"—aunque se vista de seda la mona, mona se queda—). One entire conversation in the movie is couched in proverbs. Indeed, Zapata's use of this speech form vividly reminds one of the Mexican's affection for proverbs.

PUERTO VALLARTA


Continued from page 15

and behind the village one sees an enormous waterfall dropping white and straight into its basin of stone. The villagers came down to welcome us, offer hot coffee and tortillas, piping hot and thin as a mirror, take us up to the waterfall pools for a swim and down the long path to the beach for a salt water swim. Then they gathered dozens of fresh water shrimp, large as baby lobsters, and boiled them for our lunch. The spell of enchantment about the village is somewhat spoiled by the enormous number of pigs who wander about, and who are fed on the only tiled terrace in Yelapa.

Some five years ago, the villagers say, they woke one morning to find that a great piece of land had fallen away and was buried under the water that now forms their bay. They seem to have little to do, a natural indolence preventing them even from going out fishing too often. They were all engaged, when we were there, in building a new chapel, each person carrying a basket of dirt on his or her head, to help lay the foundations. As a parting request, they asked that, if we ever returned, we would bring them mambo records to play on the old crank victrola the village owns.

The ride back at night was marvelous, with the stars opening up like silver rivers, the prow ploughing up phosphorous, and the lights gleaming red from villages we passed.

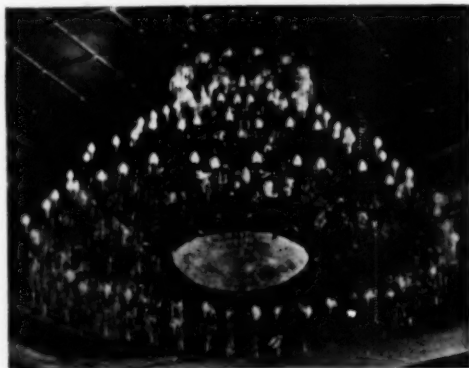
But almost anywhere one might stop on this long curved coastline would be a marvelous beach. To name a few: Zapote, Las Estacas, Quimisto, and Boca de Tomatlán. Nearly each one has a large fresh river run-



"LA ALIANZA"
AV. JUAREZ 46-A and 66
SILVER FACTORY
MEXICAN CURIOS

R. ORTEGA

Tel. 12-49-64. Ap. Post. 7870
Mexico, D. F.



A Mark of Distinction

We offer you the opportunity to acquire the candelabra which can lend a mark of distinction to your residence, in a variety of beautiful styles—all in cut crystal or in crystal and bronze.

ALCANTARA

Visit our exposition at

Av. Alvaro Obregon No. 90.

Tel. 11-64-51

or at the Factory:

ZIMPANGO, State of Mexico

See the majestic candelabra at the Cine Real, planned and executed by US.

ning through it to the sea, and a few native huts clustered on its shore.

A few hours down from Vallarta are Los Arcos, a group of small islands with wide arches opening into caves which one may row through. If one enters these grottoes on a quiet morning, the color of the water, even of the air, is bottle green, and one sees wild colored fish of blue and purple and gold prowling about in the transparent water. The whizz in the air is that of bats rushing about. Nothing could be more enchanted and greenly beautiful. But if one enters on a morning of wind and wave nothing could be more frightening. The boatmen almost refuse to take you in, but time after time, I have forced them to do so, because, though it is dangerous, it is wildly exciting to have an enormous wave shove you in the cave, churn you about, then, just when you think the canoa will tip over and both of the openings are closed by the high waters, another huge sea pours in and shoots you out into the churning water beyond.

A television lady who was down here looking for copy, heard about the Arcos and was dying to know if some or any old pirates hadn't used the caves. We took her for a ride through them on a windy day and she found them satisfactorily exciting without the necessity of adding a few pirates. Another time, I was taking a friend of mine through, and we were both so frightened that when we came out, we found ourselves laughing hysterically. The boatman thought this meant approval and turned the little canoa around and took us back through. That did it, and it was the last time I have ever ventured in on a windy day.

The main swimming beach here is Los Muertos, a sinister name but one given long ago, when gold ore used to be brought from Cuale, down the Cuale river and unloaded on this beach. Long ago, some Spaniards, in their usual procedure of unloading the gold from the boats, were attacked and killed by the Indians and the beach was then named Los Muertos, the Dead Ones. One crosses the river, either on a little foot bridge during the rainy season, or on the beach where it runs into the sea, and strolls past palm groves down to Los Muertos. A dreary little cantina and dance hall mark

BAKELITE

**BLACK
DILECTO XX
POLISHED**

IN SHEETS OF:
96X96 CM.

| 1.6MM. THICK | 6.4MM. THICK | 19.1MM THICK |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 33 " " | 96 " " | 25.4 " " |
| 48 " " | 12.7 " " | 38.1 " " |

WE DELIVER IN MEXICO CITY

LA PALOMA

MESONES 33 TELS: 12-77-72
APDO. 7304 35-30-32

SHIPMENTS BY C.O.D.




Scappino

CRAVATS DE LUXE
For the Gentlemen of Today

Av. 18 de Septiembre 5-Local 3
Av. Juarez 36, Av. Mañana 18
Puebla, Pue. Av. Reforma 303
Monterrey, N. L., Hotel Monterrey Bldg.

Attention-Buick Owners-



Before starting on your trip you should have your Buick inspected by this authorized Service Station

English speaking Management.
We handle the best American Brands
of Motor and Lubrication Oils.

SERVICIO BUICK, S. A.

RAMON GUZMAN N° 100
(Two blocks from Reforma)
Eric 18-60-84 - Mex. 36-72-14

AMBULANCE SERVICE

The most delicate patient can be transferred in complete comfort and security.

EFFICIENT SERVICE ON HIGHWAYS

We do not transfer contagious cases.

GAYOSSO

AV. HIDALGO NUM. 13
35-8Q-13 18-05-80

Hala!
Are you
a regular
subscriber
to
Mexican Life?

A yearly subscription represents a saving of 25% over the newsstand price, as well as an assurance of receiving your number promptly every month.

Rates, in U. S. A. or Canada
—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents
for one year. In Mexico—12.00 pesos. In England and on the
Continent—Five Dollars.

**FILL IN AND MAIL THIS SUBSCRIPTION
BLANK NOW!**

MEXICAN LIFE

Uruguay, 3 Mexico City Mexico

Please send me "MEXICAN LIFE" for one year starting
With the (issue)
I enclose \$ (check or money order)
Name
Address

COLOBAR SUN GLASSES
REST YOUR EYES
Optica Mazal
Av. Madero 54 México, D. F.

"CAFE DE TACUBA"
The only One of its Kind
Variety in Native Dishes
TAMALES and Tropical Style CHOCOLATE
Open after Theatre Hours.
Splendid Mid-Day Meal.
4a. Tacuba, 28 D. MOLLINEDO

the spot, and though the swimming is fine, I much prefer to wander a few kilometros farther to any one of the small and secluded little coves.

History.

In 1524, Francisco Cortés de San Buenaventura, a relative of the great Conquistador, was the first Spaniard to come to this coast. He came from the North, having been commissioned by Cortés to explore this part of the country. 20,000 Indians, carrying little flags of cotton on the ends of their bows, came to block his way, and after a short battle, were dispersed. Because of the thousands of these little black flags, the place was named, Valle de Banderas. Some eight years later, Cortés himself, sailing up from Acapulco, landed on these shores. He was investigating the activities of that notorious governor, Niño de Guzman, the High Señor of Sword and Knife. It was this same Guzman who, in 1535, did another so called job of pacifying the Indians here, though they did not remain pacified very long, for even so short a time as fifty years ago, there are tales of Indian rebellion, and other less horrifying tales of wild panthers roaming the zoocalo at night. There is much mention, too, of the pirates who used to infest Las Marietas.

Due to fires among the palm huts, which three times destroyed the village, the orders went out to rebuild in brick, and the town now, could not look more orderly and clean. There are fines for those who do not sweep the street in front of their houses, and an order is up in the zoocalo asking those who have not painted their houses for some time, to please do so.

Village Life.

For anyone used to Acapulco and a so-called international society, Vallarta would be a great bore or a great relief. The handful of American residents here can fortunately not, as yet, be called a colony. There is absolutely nothing to do unless one cares

Modelos Meri
MEXICAN CURIOS
NOVELTIES
Typical Dresses for Women
BALDERAS 44 - B
Tel. 13-15-55 Mexico, D. F.


AMERICAN SILVER FACTORY
THE HALL MARK ON OUR SILVER SAVES THE PURCHASER THE 15% EXPORT DUTY.
MARY MYERS
TEL. ERIC. 14-15-97. 182-C QUERETARO ST.
TEL. MEX. 36-84-97. MEXICO, D.F.

If you like Hungarian
Food, visit
Restaurant *Mignon*
Av. Alvaro Obregon 255
where every meal is a treat
Delicious Pastry.
Tel. 28-51-22



The people here seem neither rich nor poor, are pleasant enough, but with an incredible almost primitive curiosity about the tourist. I made the mistake of wearing a pair of shorts to the beach one day, and later realized that that was the sort of thing that would burn me for a witch. The natives run hotels, keep stores, and the Indian population fishes. A typical daily scene is the white sampan sailed canoa out fishing, or two fishermen walking down the street with many fish dripping from a long pole. In the evenings one sees the smoke of their fires on the beach, where they are roasting their catch. Many of the people here have never been to Guadalajara. Get on a machine that flies? Fijate! Though they often take boat trips up and down the coast. One little boy, Guacho, "El Famoso," was presented to me as a fine lobster boy, and for several weeks he was most efficient about gathering lobsters and oysters. Then one day he mumbled a breathless story about receiving a wire from a brother of his who was dying in Mazatlan and needed an operation immediately that would cost



 WELCOME TO
"EL INCENDIO"
where you will find the finest
and greatest assortment of
MEXICAN CURIOS
with a special emphasis on
CHARRO and CHINA POBLANA

COSTUMES and SARAPES OF EVERY TYPE
Hand-tooled leather, Silver, Copper, Onyx,
and a varied stock of Mexican

JEWELRY, WATCHES

ABSOLUTELY the LOWEST PRICES
Our reputation is built on 50
years of honest dealing.

EL INCENDIO
Av. 5 de Mayo No. 10



YALE *Symbol of Security
in the Home.*

BE SAFE with a **YALE** padlock
or Cabinet lock.

LOCKS for buildings, trunks, & furniture.
REPAIRS, INSTALLATION, KEYS OF ALL KINDS.
CERRAJERIA AMERICANA

S. A.

Corn. Independencia & López
Tels. 35-22-26. 12-09-46



We specialize in HAND-MADE
LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS
Largest assortment in Mexico



El Pañuelo

Bolivar 24 Close to Borda Arcade

RANCHO TELVA

Hotel • TAXCO.

OWNED BY WELLS FARGO

Typical Rancho Hospitality

PASTITALIA

We serve PREPARED DISHES of
Spaghetti, Tallerini, Ravioli and
Caneloni.

Home Delivery Service

CALLE DE LOPEZ No. 57-B

Eric. 12-44-57

Max. 25.00.00



Alejandro P. Carrillo
Bucareli No. 160
México, D. F.

**MEXICAN ARTICLES
THAT COMBINE
ART and BEAUTY
with USEFULNESS.**

Wholesale Exportation since 1932

OPTICA METROPOLITANA, S. A.
THE PLACE TO HAVE
YOUR EYES EXAMINED



Av. 16 de Septiembre 3

Efficient Professional Service

Complete Selection of
Frames

Alegance and Distinction

Choose your suit-lengths from our exclusive selection of finest Domestic and English Woolens, with the assurance of getting the utmost in elegance and distinction.



F. GUAL y Cia., Sucrs.

ISABEL LA CATOLICA 25, MEXICO, D. F.

INVITATION

For Wedding Banquets, Dances,
Coming-out Parties, Celebrations,
Conventions or Lectures

MODESTO GUTIERREZ DIAZ

offers the Capital's society the
sumptuous, elegant and spacious

SALON AZUL Y ORO

of the

Club Hispano Mexicano

with a capacity for one thousand, five hundred diners
or a thousand dancing couples. Equipped with a modern
Sound System and a splendid parquet dance floor.

The Club Hispano Mexicano

includes, moreover, the most modern and elegant BOWLING COURTS in Latin America (14 Brunswick alleys), as well as ball-courts for the games of Pasabolo and Boles de Palma, a beautiful out-door swimming pool, and a splendid Restaurant, offering an exquisite daily table d'hôte service at the extremely low charge of \$4.50, and a special menu for Sundays and festive days at \$7.00.

We will be very happy to submit our estimate for any banquet or party you may be planning, without obligation.

CLUB HISPANO-MEXICANO

Bahía de Santa Bárbara N° 26
Telephones: 35-20-76, 16-46-00

fifty pesos. Could he have fifty pesos, please? I told him he could have fifty pesos to buy a ticket to Acapulco where he could learn to tell much better stories than that, and truly live up to his name of El Famoso!

Taking a house means a good deal of pioneering. I believe I am the first so-called white woman here to take an apartment, and the very fact that I live here alone is open to a great deal of suspicion. I feel curious eyes upon me as I water the plants in my lavender balconies, and curious eyes as I walk my onza to the beach and let her swim in the lagoon. But the curiosity is never hostile, and the town looks forward to the day when it will be prosperous with tourists, when it will live up to its publicity as the new Acapulco.

Un Poco de Todo

Continued from page 33

points constitute the medium or par figure. If a man's rating is four it does not mean that his are ideal or perfect measurements. Four points were arbitrarily chosen. Thus a man described as 4-3-3 is of medium fleshiness, slightly under par muscularity, slightly above par density. A person rated par in all components would be 4-4-4.

Stagg finds that there is a distinctly "American type," classified as 4-4-5. The 134 men in this class—5.09 per cent—are of tight build and above the average in muscularity and fleshiness. "Tall in proportion to body weight," says Stagg, "this type stands apart from men of European parentage and makes up a large percentage of men in the professions."

According to Stagg and Hooton, artists have a medium amount of flesh, below-par muscularity and below-par density.

Teachers or welfare workers are likely to be lean, lightly muscled and lightly built. Over the years the more muscular stay on, whereas the less muscular take up other pursuits.

LEATHER - MEX

WE ARE DEFINITELY the
CHEAPEST IN TOWN.

FACTORY OUTLET.

Av. Juarez 64, Room 107

First floor. Above Longchamps.



To clothes your Children with Elegance and Economy—come to Mexico's Leading Specialists.

Beautiful assortment of Suits and Dresses—sturdy, smart, and perfect in workmanship.

GIFTS AND TOYS

PAY US A VISIT!

Corn. López y Victoria
México, D. F.

Rincón



Going to Mexico?

Seasoned travelers say.

"The dependable way to travel is by train!"

There is no question about departure or arrival—the weather's always fine aboard an air conditioned Pullman, and Mexico's steep mountain grades and plateau levels are all the same to the big new Diesels which are maintaining an all-time "on time" record.

Aboard a train, each mile brings new thrills, amazing changes of scene close to your eyes and as far as you can see. You can marvel at it all, enjoy it fully, because you're unconfined, completely relaxed; cared for by the world's best travel experts—courteous train and diner crews.

Travel to "air-conditioned" Mexico City in Pullman
or deluxe-coach air conditioned comfort.

NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO

F. Alatorre
General Agent
2401 Transit Tower
San Antonio, Texas

O.G. de Velasco
Assistant to Passenger Traffic Mgr.
Bolivar 19
Mexico City, D. F.

FOR SPORTS,
TRAVEL AND
BEACH

GUERLAIN Presenting

GUERLAIN'S COLOGNES

Impériale



HEGEMONIE
AND
LAVANDE

Guerlain

par f u m e u r

à Paris depuis 1828

Reg. S. S. A. No. 18836-19765-20012
PROP. B.P.F. 1789/54

